the weekly Standard

MAY 17, 1999 • $3.50

ANDREW CUOMO'S VENDETTA
MATTHEW REES

BUSH BEATS THE BLOB

Jeb Bush takes on the education establishment —and wins.

by Tucker Carlson

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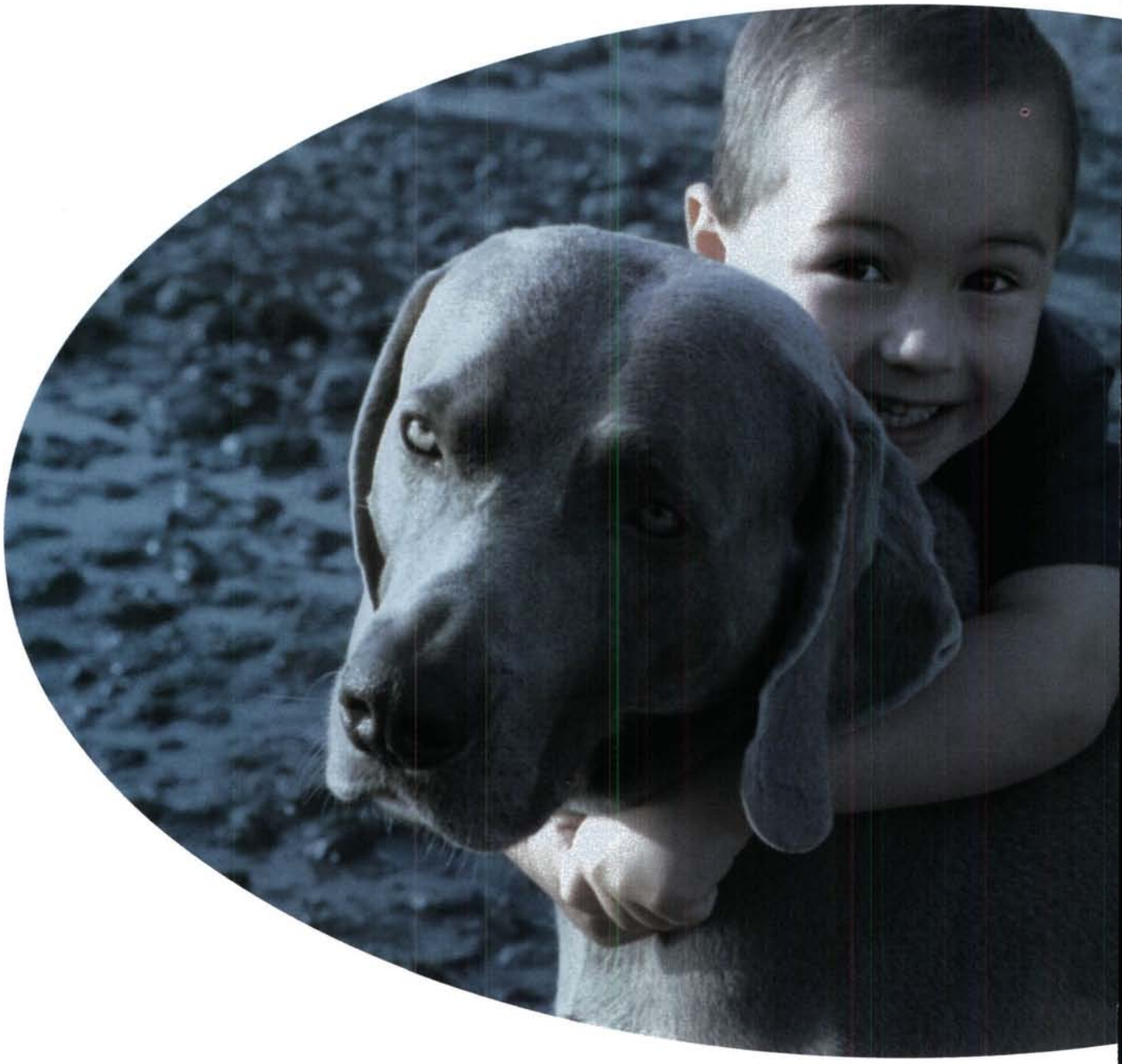

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Photo courtesy USA for UNHCR: R.LeMoyne

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BPA INTERNATIONAL

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The Vast Richard Mellon Scaife Inquiry

You have to feel a little sorry for Robert Kaiser. Not long after being dethroned as managing editor of the *Washington Post* last year, Kaiser was left with a stalled career and little to do. So he set about digging into what he presumed to be the *fons et origo* of Hillary Clinton's fabled "vast right-wing conspiracy." That would be Richard Mellon Scaife, the conservative philanthropist who has funded hundreds of conservative projects over the last 25 years.

Scribblers from every major paper in America have broken their little pencils trying to expose Scaife's life story and to locate there the focus of evil in modern American life. The *Wall Street Journal*, the *New York Times*, the *Washington Post* (more than once!)—you name the news organization, it's done a Scaife hit piece. And the result of all this expense of time and money has been unvarying: Richard Mellon Scaife is a—are you ready?—*a conservative philanthropist who has funded hundreds of conservative projects over the last 25 years!*

We could have told Bob Kaiser that the same thing would happen to him—lots of time (his) and money (the *Post*'s) wasted, all to inform his readers that Richard Mellon Scaife is a conservative philanthropist who has funded hundreds of . . . well, you know. In public, Kaiser actually wears his Phi Beta Kappa pin on his lapel—really, he does; The Scrapbook wouldn't dare make something like that up. So you'd think, while he might be a vain fellow, surely he's at least a smart one. You'd never know it, though, from the wandering, blandly written story that Kaiser and the *Post* dumped on their readers last week.

The thing came in two very long installments—14,000 words in search of a point. In it we learned that Dick Scaife seldom speaks in meetings, is not particularly bookish, and has endured a complicated personal life (oh! the things we could tell you about the complicated personal lives of some *Post* editors we know!). Also he used to drink too much, went to Yale, and protects his privacy from people like Bob Kaiser. All this we learned, and yet more: Did you know, for example, that Richard Mellon Scaife is a conservative philanthropist who has funded hundreds of conservative projects over the last 25 years? It said so, right there in the *Post*.

Kaiser's story, in other words, was a quite conspicuous flop. So why did the *Post* choose to run it? The *Post* is a far better paper than it was ten years ago, having wrung itself dry of the paranoid anti-conservatism that marred it in the 1970s and '80s. Perhaps Kaiser's piece was one last indulgence in the paper's weird old obsession. And it's probably hard, even for the bosses, to tell their former managing editor, after a year of hard labor, that he's come up with a dud. But next time Kaiser sets out on one of his "in-depth exposés," somebody should warn him that he's in danger of exposing only himself.

Think Again

Talk about dumb. A venerable foreign policy think tank in Washington, the Center for Strategic and International Studies, has driven away its president, Robert Zoellick, because he's advising Republican presidential candidate George W. Bush. Zoellick is a brainy, politically astute veteran of the Reagan and Bush administrations and would seem to be perfect for the job of CSIS chief. Think tanks exist, after all, to influence administrations and their policies—and Zoellick is helping shape the policy of what may be the next administration. Other Bush advisers include Condoleezza Rice, the provost of Stanford University, and Paul Wolfowitz, who heads Johns Hopkins's School of Advanced International Studies. Neither Stanford nor Hopkins has objected to their advisory roles. Nonetheless, Zoellick was forced to choose—CSIS or Bush? He chose Bush. If Bush wins the presidency, Zoellick may well get a top job. Some think he would be a perfect deputy Treasury secretary or even White House chief of staff. And former senator Sam Nunn and others on the CSIS board will be eating their hearts out, though probably not at very many state dinners.

"Do You Believe in God?"

Cassie Bernall, whose courageous life and death were memorably chronicled by Matt Labash in last week's Weekly Standard, was not the only young Christian attacked in Littleton, Colorado, for affirming her faith. There was also Valeen Schnurr, an 18-year-old senior at Columbine High. Schnurr suffered nine gunshot and shrapnel wounds—and lived. Like Bernall, Schnurr was in the library when Eric Harris and Dylan Klebold burst in. Hit by a wild spray of bullets and shrapnel, she gasped, "Oh my God! Oh my God!" One of the attackers immedi-

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ately confronted her. "God?" he said. "Do you really believe in God?" Just seconds earlier, Schnurr had seen Bernall get shot in the head when she answered yes to the same question. Yet, Schnurr answered the same: "Yes, I believe in God." "Why?" the attacker demanded. "I do believe in God, and my mom and dad have taught me about God," she said. Schnurr recalls saying a little more, then crawling away. That may have saved her, though she left the hospital with four bullets still lodged in her abdomen.

McCain's Moment

One of the finest congressional speeches on Kosovo received almost no media coverage. This was probably owing to the fact that it was delivered on behalf of a lost cause—a Senate resolution urging the president to use "all necessary force" to win the war against Slobodan Milosevic—and because it's considered poor form to interrupt the beatification of Jesse Jackson. Here, for the record, are excerpts from John McCain's speech on the morning of May 4, shortly before the Senate deep-sixed the McCain-Biden Kosovo resolution:

"Let me identify for my colleagues the price paid by Kosovars for the president's repeated and indefensible ruling out of ground troops. Mr. Milosevic was so certain of the limit to our commitment that he felt safe enough to widely disperse his forces. . . . He has been able to displace, rape and murder more Kosovars more quickly than he could have if he feared he might face the mightiest army on earth. That is a fact of this war that is undeniable. And shame on the president for creating it.

"Now, what is left to us, as our war on the cheap fails to achieve the objectives for which we went to war? Well, bombing pauses seem to be an idea in vogue. They were popular once before, in another war, and I personally witnessed how effective they were. No, I don't have much regard for the diplomatic or military efficacy of bombing pauses. As a matter of fact, it was only when bombing pauses were finally abandoned in favor of sustained, strategic bombing that almost six hundred of my comrades and I recovered our freedom. I dare say, some of the years that we had lost were attributable to bombing pauses. I will not support a bombing pause until Milosevic surrenders, not a moment before.

"My father gave the order to send B-52s—planes that did not have the precision-guided munitions that so impress us all today—he gave the order to send them to bomb the city where his oldest son was held a prisoner of war. That is a pretty hard thing for a father to do, but he did it because it was his duty, and he would not shrink from it. He did it because he didn't believe America should lose a war, or settle for a draw or some lesser goal than it had sacrificed its young to achieve. He knew that leaders were expected to make hard choices in war. Would that the president had half that regard for the responsibilities of his office.

"Give peace a chance. Yes, peace is a wonderful condition. Sweeter than many here will ever fully appreciate. The Kosovars appreciate it. They are living in its absence, and it is a horrible experience. But the absence of freedom is worse, they know that too. They know it well. And if the price of peace is that we abandon them to the cruelty of their oppressors, then the price is too high. . . .

"I ask my colleagues, in this late hour, to put aside our reservations, our past animosities, and encourage, implore, cajole, beg, shame this administration into doing its duty. Shame on the president if he persists in abdicating his responsibilities. But shame on us if we let him."

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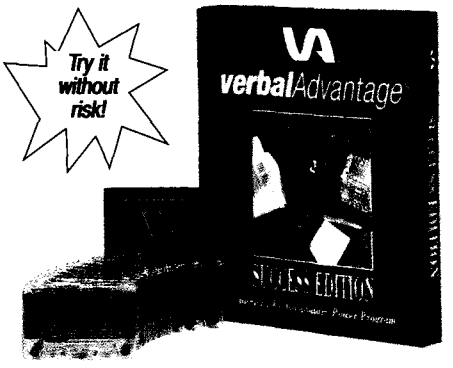

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Beautiful Bombers

In his article on airplanes, art, and manliness, David Gelernter is on the right track, but gets too serious and front-of-the-classy ("Men at War and the Planes they Loved," May 3). It is much simpler than he makes it seem. Airplanes early on were correctly projected to have efficient and effective military applications principally by Gen. Billy Mitchell, who paid dearly for his prescience. Clever and enterprising guys in barns and garages all over the country began to develop designs for one purpose or another: some for speed and maneuverability, some for carrying capacity and durability. But in virtually all cases, form followed function; the planes were designed to work and if they looked good, fine. No fighter pilot ever looked at his new ride and thanked the designer for making it pretty. In fact, many were ugly and flew poorly, such as the Brewster Buffalo, which looked like its name suggests, and of which it was said that the only time it flew with its wings level was as it passed from being unstable to the left to being unstable to the right. But others were ugly and flew well, such as Grumman's TBF Avenger. Ask George Bush.

Gelernter rightly cites the B-17 as a beautiful machine, but he means the B-17E and later models. The B-17D and its earlier incarnations had a skinny and disproportionate empennage. The changes came not to make the plane look better, but because the tail needed more beef at high altitudes for stability.

Flying was manly because, with some notable exceptions, it was predominantly a man's world and it was enjoyed because it was—and remains—the second most enjoyable activity there is.

STEVE MOORE
WEST STOCKBRIDGE, MA

The World War II fighting and bombing aircraft described by David Gelernter were not only efficient instruments of death but also, as he noted, graceful, beautiful works of art—beloved by the men who flew them and still admired today by millions at air shows and in museums.

The B-17 Flying Fortress was one of these aircraft, but one would never know it from the illustration of the B-17 shown in Gelernter's article. Readers should be assured that the bizarre five-engine aircraft in the picture bears little resemblance to the thousands of graceful Flying Fortresses that devastated Germany in World War II. The ugly duckling shown was one of only three B-17s that were modified for use as flying test beds for aircraft engines—with one engine in the nose and the flight deck moved toward the tail for stability.

GEORGE E. RUBIN
NEW YORK, NY

Be All That You Can B-17

David Gelernter's feature on World War II aircraft was most interesting. As one deeply involved in the restoration of the historic aircraft of that war, I enjoyed it immensely.

The real thing

However, I must question the choice of the photo used to illustrate the B-17. That was an experimental airframe, bearing a civil registration number, not military markings, and I found it totally out of context for the nature of the story. With thousands of photos of B-17s in combat available, surely a genuine 8th Air Force photo would have been more appropriate to carry the message.

ALAN E. GRUENING
APACHE JUNCTION, AZ

Taft Republicans

While hammering at conservative readers who disagree with their support of our curious war to end Yugoslavia and embitter our uncertain relations with Russia, William Kristol and Robert Kagan should try to avoid name-calling ("All Necessary Force," May 3). Am I a "McGovern Republican"? No, I am a Taft Republican. Isn't that bad enough?

RICHARD BRASHARES
GLENSIDE, PA

I cannot believe that William Kristol and Robert Kagan still support the disastrous war being carried out by the United States and Britain under the auspices of the NATO alliance. This attack on a sovereign nation by what was supposed to be a defensive alliance is outrageous. It amounts to a gang attacking the kid they don't like in order to force him to do what they want.

Furthermore, the attack has precipitated the horrible refugee situation we now see in the countries bordering Kosovo. We should have positioned ourselves to help those who either wanted to escape or were forced out by Milosevic's scourge while at the same time doing all the economic and diplomatic arm twisting possible. The billions of dollars spent prosecuting the Clinton-Blair war could have been bet-

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ter used to ease the refugees' pain.

Now that so much life and liberty have been lost due to this ill-conceived attack, the only honorable thing to do is pull out. Enough damage has been done by bombs and missiles in an area where no damage should have been done in the first place.

JOSEPH ST. JOHN MICHELL
GREENACRES, FL

THE MYTH OF THE BIG TENT

Jack Cashill is correct about Republican moderates and the religious Right, but I have little confidence that the party will follow his advice ("Memo to GOP Moderates: Be Nice to the Right," May 3). Although they are called pragmatists, GOP moderates have not learned to play the game the way Democrats have.

When Democrats were embarrassed by Clinton, they attacked Ken Starr. When moderates are embarrassed by conservatives, they ignore us—or pile on. The Matthew Shepard case and the Teletubby tempest are only the two most recent examples.

In "polite" society, Jerry Falwell is anathema—so much so that he is not defended even when his actions are wildly, sometimes viciously, distorted. Contrast that with the way Democratic moderates like Ed Koch have flocked to Al Sharpton's demonstrations against the New York Police Department. They have no problem enthusiastically joining with a notorious liar and race baiter if it helps the party shore up its left flank and hurts a senatorial candidate from the GOP.

CRAIG DOUGLAS HENRY
WAUNAKEE, WI

As a Republican political operative in the Northeast, I see the damage from what Jack Cashill describes every day. Republican candidates who try to establish moderate bona fides by demonizing religious and social conservatives remind me of something Reagan once observed: It's like feeding the crocodile hoping he'll eat you last. It depresses our base while providing no protection against the inevitable Democratic charge that all Republicans are extremist Republicans.

Party leaders who speak of the big tent need to remember that inclusion goes both ways and that social and religious conservatives remain an important part of our winning coalition.

FERGUS CULLEN
WEST HARTFORD, CT

POST PLAID

I was disappointed to see Matthew Rees describe presidential candidate Lamar Alexander as the "plaid-clad former secretary of education" ("Lamar! Lamar?" May 3). Governor Alexander has discarded the red-and-black plaid shirt he donned four years ago for more appropriate attire. Surely Rees, as he met and talked with Alexander, must have recognized this, but perhaps he missed it. After all, Rees completely missed what might make Alexander appealing to voters come the primary season.

A reader of the article would come away with the idea that Alexander is focusing on themes that don't much concern Republican primary voters, such as education. But education is of large concern to the public, as evidenced in the current battle in New York City. The battle over vouchers is now one of the most hotly contested in the country.

The dismissive, caustic tone of the article is the kind I would have expected from the members of the national media, who Rees correctly notes, dislike Alexander.

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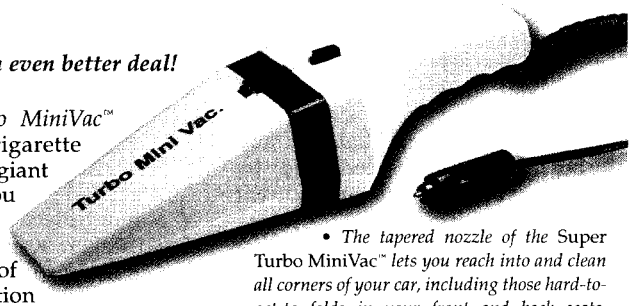

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Casual

A Note From the Editor

I wouldn't mind editing a glossy lifestyle magazine, unless it meant having to write one of those editor's notes that go in the front. I'm talking about the single-page columns with names like "Welcome" and "From the Editor's Desk" that are supposed to establish rapport between editor and readers. They usually contain about 600 words of text, with the editor's signature at the bottom to make them seem personalized. Often there's a picture of the editor alongside, making her (it's usually a woman) look sensational, yet casual. She'll be posed at some jaunty angle, for that "just another afternoon lounging on the divan" look, and her hair will be magnificently styled, yet slightly disarrayed.

It's the tone that makes these essays so daunting. With every sentence, the editor has to establish that she is perfect, yet not superior. She has to drop little hints about her own flawless existence, because nobody wants to read a lifestyle magazine edited by a schlump. But at the same time, she can't come off as Martha Stewart-compulsive, or as condescending toward those less effortlessly accomplished than she is.

There are several strategies for pulling off this delicate balance. Sometimes the editor will write about a common foible, but solve it in a manner that conveys her inescapable glamour. For example, Donna Warner, the editor in chief of *Metropolitan Home,* begins her current essay by declaring, "I have been trying to buy a pocketbook for months now." That's a common enough problem, one supposes. But the heart of Ms. Warner's quandary, darn it, is that she's just too discerning. "My problem is that I know *exactly* what I want (and I do mean *exactly*)." And before you can say Ritz-Carlton, she has us jet setting around the world with her in search of the right shoulder strap. "I pursued my purse in Paris and went on a satchel search in San Francisco. Naturally, I've been all over Manhattan at length." Naturally!

What I most admire in this strategy is the *faux* inclusiveness, the language implying that of course we readers of this magazine all spend our days in Bay Area boutiques or on Parisian boulevards. Yet we haven't become jaded or lost our ability to find delight in everyday things. "Every time I get on a plane my heart races," writes the peppy but polite editor in chief of *Food & Wine*, Dana Cowin. "No, it's not fear of flying—it's the anticipation of adventure. When I toured Burgundy on a bicycle trip organized by Butterfield and Robinson, I spent my days pedaling along vineyard roads and my nights learning about wine from local vintners. In San Francisco I walked every inch of the Italian enclave of North Beach in search of divine espresso and homemade focaccia." Haven't we all, sister.

Other editors build bonds with their readers by extending a cloak of social concern. For example, in the current issue of *House & Garden*, editor Dominique Browning invites us to join her in her crusade against bad pruning. "I detest the amputated limbs, branches lopped off abruptly at midsection, the pruner not having bothered to take the cut back to the trunk, or worse, simply having chopped off the top of the tree to contain its growth. Such practices leave stumps that aim heavenward and yet are hopelessly thwarted in their yearning. . . . I can almost hear the torment and accusation in those stumps—testimony to the cruel cancellation of life." Suddenly, we readers feel a surge of solidarity with this great-souled editor, a feeling of common humanity that makes us yearn for the bathroom remodeling tips that are presented in the pages that follow.

For other editors, the *cri de coeur* is more general, yet no less effective. For example, in this month's issue of *Guitar Player* magazine, editor in chief Michael Molenda laments the general decline in manners and morals. "Sound bites and media 'Cliff Notes' are the opiate of our short-attention-span masses. We don't read. We don't question. We don't honor—or even have much knowledge of—the past. We're living in the 'whatever' years, where avoiding responsibility is a national pastime." Food for thought for amp-enthusiasts.

Normally, I look forward to writing challenges. Yet if I were ever appointed editor of one of the monthly glossies, I don't think I could attractively describe the unstudied bliss that is my life. I fear that the hints I would drop of my own fabulousness—my personal account at Amazon.com, my newly washed Camry—would be daunting to the average reader. My audience would come to resent me and my life of rarefied elegance (for example, the azalea survival rate of 13 percent in my backyard). Newsstand sales would plummet. S.I. Newhouse would blanch.

No, I had best maintain my discreet perch, hiding the masterpiece that is my life under the unassuming mantle of a weekly journal of conservative opinion.

David Brooks

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the weekly Standard

Race to the Bottom

"*La inclusión es el símbolo de nuestra fuerza*," says Republican National Committee co-chairman Patricia S. Harrison. "Inclusion"—decoded from the original Spinnish—is the hallmark buzzword of a GOP eager to evade its share of responsibility for the fact that American law continues to stink with racial and ethnic classifications. These days, if you ask the average Republican what he thinks about affirmative action, he will hem and haw a moment, mumble that he opposes "quotas," and change the subject as fast as he can. These days, the average Republican much prefers to talk about something called "outreach," the comically awkward process by which he trolls for votes in the various "communities" that benefit from affirmative action. The modern GOP, it wants you to understand, is totally hip to the 'hood.

And to *el barrio*, too, for that matter.

First Street, S.E., two blocks from the Capitol during Washington's evening rush hour last Wednesday. Three hired *guitarristas* sporting giant sombreros are serenading mystified commuters in front of the Republican party's complex of headquarters buildings. Inside, upstairs, Senator Orrin Hatch of Utah is addressing a reception of maybe 200 industry lobbyists and twentysomething Hill staffers. "What great family people you are," he marvels at this overwhelmingly gringo audience. "How great you are with your children." They raise their margaritas in assent. Next, RNC chairman Jim Nicholson announces, "I served in the United States Army with a lot of Mexican Americans." The handful of actual Chicanos present shout "*¡Arriba!*"

It is a Cinco de Mayo celebration, you see. Here and elsewhere across the country, Republicans are using the occasion as an opportunity to "resonate" their party's "principles" with voters of the great-family-people persuasion. And what exactly does this "festive holiday" commemorate? Ooo, ooo, I know, I know, says the Partido Republicano. They know the answer because House Republican Conference chairman J.C. Watts Jr. has mailed them a little cheat-sheet "primer."

Cinco de Mayo, according to the handout, "simply means 'Fifth of May,'" the "anniversary of the Battle of Puebla [Pwe-bla] fought against FRANCE in 1862." This holiday has "relevance to the United States" because Napoleon III of France "hated the U.S." and because the "general in charge, Ignacio Zaragosa, was born in Texas," which had been part of Mexico until . . . oh, never mind. Also worth noting: Following the battle, American troops "gave assistance to Mexican army, many of whom"—wonders never cease—"fought in Mexican army." This assistance was apparently so important that 79 years later, "Many Mexicans joined the U.S. armed forces after Pearl Harbor in gratitude."

When you arrive at a Cinco de Mayo party, Watts advises his GOP colleagues, do not be surprised to find lots of colorful indigenous whatnot: "parades, folkloric dancing, music [mariachis], community festivals, etc." If introduced to the crowd, do not overtax their attention; "If you do speak, keep it simple and brief." And remember, these voters are *Mexicans*: "Other Hispanic groups do NOT celebrate Cinco de Mayo." So leave your Fidel Castro talking points at home.

¡Amigos. Yo quiero Taco Bell!

Mind you, all this "inclusion" is dorky and patronizing, but it is not much worse than that. For worse—for a genuinely disgusting approach to the politics of race and ethnicity—we must turn our attention to the Democratic party. There we find sanctimonious demagoguery in two competing varieties, nicely encapsulated in the emerging presidential campaigns of Bill Bradley and Al Gore, respectively.

It is the central conceit of Senator Bradley's recent speeches—endless, schoolmarmy, weightlessly ethereal speeches—that he is the one, lone white politician in America who truly understands and cares for people of color. He has given much agonized thought to the subject; we know he has because he tells us so directly. And from this study has come what appears to be the basic Bradley message: that the rest of us should emerge from our haze of prejudice and suspicion and . . . be more like him. We should definitely *not* be like his late "Aunt Bub." Blood is thicker than water, but a presidential campaign is thicker still; the senator is pleased to expose his aunt as a creepy bigot.

Should we remain concerned over the persistence of rigid and explicit racial categories in our national

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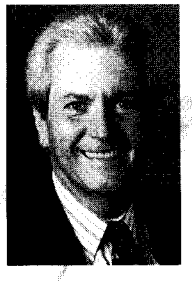

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law, Senator Bradley? No, let's don't do that, either. Let's "don't conceive of race as just affirmative action." Only "narrow-minded politicians," "ambitious journalists," and ol' Aunt Bub would stoop so low.

Perhaps Dollar Bill's is too mild a take on the quota-culture question for you. Vice President Gore may be your man, in that case. Gore is cartoonishly spicy on this topic, with a series of memorized one-liners he reserves for, and endlessly repeats to, African-American audiences. When Gore was a kid, it seems, his heroic father—the first Senator Gore (who voted against the 1964 Civil Rights Act, but we won't mention that)—took him to see a set of rusty manacles in the basement of an old Tennessee home. They were "slave rings." Portentous.

Fast-forward to the present, where "critics of affirmative action" care nothing to "bring people together," "teach people who are hungry for knowledge," or "heal families who need medical care." According to Gore, these critics, instead, are what Jesus himself called "hypocrites." Opponents of race-consciousness are to color-blind principle and black folks—this is the vice president's favorite analogy—as duck hunters are to duck blinds and ducks. Gore has consistently "fought back" against these deadly enemies of employment and admissions preferences, he brags. And "if they try again, we'll fight them again. And if they try again, we'll fight them again. And if they try again, we'll fight them again and again and again."

As they used to say in Alabama: Segregation now, segregation tomorrow, segregation forever! Come to think of it, they still say something like that in Alabama.

Alabama's system of public higher education has operated under a court-supervised, affirma-

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tive-action-saturated "desegregation" mandate since 1972. In 1995, U.S. District Judge Harold Murphy approved a plan whereby Alabama State University, in particular, would expand opportunity for statistically underrepresented students. Under ASU's subsequent "Diversity Scholarship Program," funded in part by an annual $1 million set-aside from the state legislature, applicants with just the right amount of melanin get up to 14 semesters of free tuition, room, board, and textbooks—plus life and health insurance and $900 a year in walking-around money.

The university's administration sees a smashing success in the early results of this scheme: Enrollment of the underrepresented students has grown to 10 percent from less than 3 percent. So the school is aggressively expanding the new financial aid package, which already absorbs 40 percent of ASU's academic grant budget. To qualify for a Diversity Scholarship, you now needn't even come from a high school in Alabama, the jurisdiction whose discriminatory "vestiges" the program pretends to be redressing.

In fact, you needn't have graduated from high school at all; a General Education Development certificate—and C-minus grades once you arrive—will do just fine. Which is what's made ASU's diversity scholars the object of some resentment among other students. "It's not that they're minority students," the editor of the school newspaper told the *Wall Street Journal* in December 1997. "It's that they're not competitive." Not competitive, that is, with the likes of 39-year-old Ph.D. candidate Jessie Tompkins, a married father of four who works part time but still manages to maintain a 3.5 grade point average. This gentleman lost his own modest ASU scholarship in 1995 because the school needed that money for people with another skin color.

Jessie Tompkins, incidentally, is black. Diversity Scholarships at ASU, a traditionally black institution, are restricted to "white students" only. *White students only*. Which makes those scholarships patently unconstitutional and otherwise illegal in what must be half a dozen different respects. Mr. Tompkins has sued. Eventually, years from now, probably too late to do him any practical good, he will almost certainly win.

In the meantime, though, will Bill Bradley or Al Gore or any other prominent Democrat risk the wrath of his party's "civil rights" mafia by raising a voice against even this, the most extreme, absurd, and ugly of affirmative action programs? He will not.

And will the Republican party ever use the power of its congressional majority finally to make clear that our basic laws do not require—but actually prohibit—the sin of race- and ethnicity-conscious government policy? Senator Hatch? Chairman Nicholson? Representative Watts? Hello?

Mañana, perhaps. Always *mañana*. Happy Cinco de Mayo, everybody.

—David Tell, for the Editors

THE STEALTH FRONT-RUNNER

by Fred Barnes

TEXAS GOVERNOR GEORGE W. BUSH and his aides think there are only two ways he can lose the Republican presidential nomination. One is if Steve Forbes spends millions more than any other candidate and emerges as a serious challenger. The other is if Bush screws up as a candidate. Naturally, Bush is eager to avoid blowing his lead, so he's decided to prolong his non-candidacy through the summer and put off a formal announcement until the fall. This means he won't appear with any of his GOP opponents at candidate forums, won't participate in the Republican presidential straw vote in Ames, Iowa, on August 14, and won't give speeches outlining his policy positions in detail.

In short, he's adopted a passive strategy, common among front-runners, that has a certain logic to it. He's been served well so far by staying aloof from other Republican presidential contenders. "What he's doing is certainly working," says House deputy whip Roy Blunt of Missouri, a Bush backer. Bush is ahead of his GOP rivals and likeliest Democratic foe, Vice President Al Gore, by substantial margins in polls. He's captured the support of much of the party establishment in Washington and across the country. In fact, he's already consulting with congressional Republicans on, as Blunt puts it, "an election strategy and a governing strategy." So, since things are going well, why change the game plan?

For one thing, the strategy may be too cute, and voters may resent it. Once the Texas legislature adjourns on May 31, Bush does plan to speak around the country, pursuing what one aide called "a pretty aggressive schedule": Appear in Iowa on June 12, move on to New Hampshire for two days, and then fly to South Carolina. He'll also spend time in other states with early primaries or caucuses. Bush will be unmis-

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takably campaigning for the nomination. He may argue otherwise, insisting he's still exploring whether to run, hasn't announced, and thus isn't ready to mix it up with his Republican foes. But that won't fool anyone, nor will it satisfy the other candidates and the press. And rank-and-file Republicans may take offense that Bush doesn't participate in candidate forums and the Ames event—that is, the places where they go to see and hear the candidates. The Bush team, however, isn't too worried, believing that as front-runner, Bush is free to run his campaign in his own time frame and in his own way.

By skipping the Ames straw vote, Bush will avoid a potential bump in the road. He's avoiding another in Florida, where his brother, Gov. Jeb Bush, has called off the straw vote. (The Republican front-runner four years ago, Bob Dole, spent $1 million on Florida's candidate forum and still barely won.) And Bush has dealt, he hopes, with another pre-Iowa hazard, the Louisiana caucuses in February 2000. He'll skip them and rely instead on Gov. Mike Foster to insure he gets the bulk of the Louisiana delegates.

In theory, all this makes sense. But by passing on all these contests, Bush does give up something: edge. His campaign may lack the raw, fighting edge that will be indispensable once the key primaries and caucuses begin. He's been slow in organizing in Iowa, but by participating in the straw vote, he could begin putting together a strong state organization for the caucuses next February. Also, the straw vote, if it goes poorly for Bush, might provide a warning sign. It did for Dole in 1995, when he finished in a near-tie with Sen. Phil Gramm of Texas. Bush, though, has decided there's nothing to gain by playing in Ames. If he wins, he'll be faulted for not winning by a big enough margin. If he loses, he'll be embarrassed.

When Bush speaks outside Texas during June, July, and August, he'll spell out why he's (considering) running for president, what his principles and priorities are, and how he judges his own fitness for the presidency. Doesn't sound too exciting, does it? Specifics? Oh, it's not time yet, his aides will say, for him to get into detailed proposals or policy statements. Still, serious proposals and policies are what's expected of serious presidential candidates. My guess is Bush will be zinged harshly for not giving the press, whose favor he craves, what it wants. At best, he'll deliver serious speeches on foreign and defense policy designed to shore up his lack of experience in those areas.

The biggest problem in Bush's bid to create a safe environment for his campaign is that he won't test himself as a candidate and improve where improvement is needed. A lot may be needed. Bush's three campaigns—for the House in 1978, for governor in 1994 and 1998—have hardly prepared him for the pressure he'll face as the front-running GOP presidential candidate. Getting an early taste of it could be helpful. Otherwise, he'll enter the fray, after *finally* announcing his candidacy in the fall, with only a few months left before the primaries and caucuses begin. If he stumbles badly, there may not be time to recover.

Bush is where Ronald Reagan was in 1979 and early 1980, a front-runner wary of tangling with his rivals for the nomination. Reagan decided to skip the big televised debate a few weeks before the Iowa caucuses, and he paid for it by losing the caucuses. Yes, Reagan recovered and went on to win the presidency. But George W. Bush is no Reagan. Being seen as the inevitable GOP nominee the year before, as Nixon, Ford, Reagan, Bush, and Dole were, usually means you win the nomination. It doesn't guarantee you'll beat the Democratic nominee to win the White House. Far from it.

Fred Barnes is executive editor of THE WEEKLY STANDARD.

CHINESE TAKEOUT

by Henry Sokolski

FOR NEARLY A YEAR NOW, THE MEDIA have detailed how China has been stealing America's strategic technology. Last week, though, the *New York Times* dropped a bombshell. Wen Ho Lee, the Los Alamos National Laboratory scientist already suspected of handing China information about a U.S. nuclear warhead known as the W-88, may have compromised every nuclear weapons design in America's arsenal.

Unlike previous stories of Chinese thefts instigated in the Carter and Reagan years, this news immediately put President Clinton in the penalty box. In mid-March, the president insisted he had not been told of any espionage that had occurred on his watch. Wen Ho Lee, however, transferred the bulk of several thousand secret nuclear weapons files in 1994 and 1995. Worse yet, White House officials, including the president, had reason to know.

In fact, the FBI began a formal criminal investigation of Lee in 1996. On at least three separate occasions, the FBI subsequently briefed the president's

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national security adviser on the Lee case and the "acute threat" of Chinese nuclear computer espionage at the laboratories. The last briefing, in November 1998, detailed more examples of spying at the laboratories. Finally, early in January, Congress sent the president an additional written warning.

And the White House's response? Wen Ho Lee was allowed continued access to all of Los Alamos's most sensitive weapons information until late last year and was only fired on March 8. As for highly visible corrective actions, the Department of Energy did—regrettably—take one step: It removed its security chief, an official known for persistently criticizing the department's lax security procedures.

Now, no fewer than nine congressional committees are investigating. So far, their aim has been to prevent anything like this from happening again. And in this, they can't help but succeed: After what Wen Ho Lee stole from the laboratories, there are hardly any nuclear weapons design secrets left to protect. So, what did he lift? Two kinds of nuclear weapons design information: the national laboratories' "legacy code" and their input data. The legacy code is a computer file containing all the information scientists have gleaned from over four decades of U.S. nuclear testing. It's designed to predict how nuclear weapons will perform. What it won't tell you are the key aspects of any given warhead design. That is largely captured by input data. Put the two together and you not only can project a weapon design's likely performance, you can generate a blueprint of the weapon itself.

Kent Lemon

Wen Ho Lee

Before he was fired, Wen Ho Lee was updating these codes and, from the FBI's investigation of what he downloaded onto his home computer, it looks as though he pretty much stole everything Los Alamos had. Intelligence officials recently established that someone accessed his home computer. They even have documents proving that China secured exact data on at least a half-dozen of America's most advanced weapons. What they lack is legal proof that Lee passed this information on to China.

Still, given Lee's known communications with convicted Chinese spies and his effort to hide evidence (he tried to erase between 1,000 and 2,000 of the stolen files after his last interview with investigators), it's reasonable to assume the worst.

China currently has a relatively small strategic stockpile: 20 ponderous intercontinental-range nuclear rockets and about 400 nuclear weapons that can threaten its Asian neighbors. The systems that can reach the United States, because of their crudity and enormous size, are vulnerable in the ground and would be relatively easy to deflect with missile defenses.

In the next decade, expect all of this to change. China, ever eager to increase its production of nuclear weapons materials, recently acquired the latest in uranium enrichment technology from Russia. With the new, highly efficient nuclear designs it has stolen, though, it will require only a fraction of what it previously needed to modernize its arsenal. Not 20, then, but hundreds of weapons could before long be trained at the United States; and thousands more deployed to face down our Asian allies.

These new systems, moreover, would be small enough to be placed on hard-to-target mobile launchers (which China is developing) and could be clustered on their intercontinental rockets in numbers sufficient to challenge planned U.S. national missile defenses. Larger in number, smaller in size, higher in accuracy, and with faster reentry speeds, these new Chinese warheads are guaranteed to complicate development of U.S. missile defenses for Asia.

Finally, because of the codes it has stolen and the advanced U.S. computer technology our government has allowed to be transferred, China will be able to build this force without the warning afforded by nuclear testing. The White House may still argue that ratifying the Comprehensive Test Ban Treaty is our best hope to prevent further nuclear proliferation. But China—which signed the treaty only months after Wen Ho Lee downloaded the last of Los Alamos's nuclear weapons codes—knows better.

Whether Beijing will actually build up its nuclear forces and spread the strategic technology it has gained to others remains to be seen. If the United States and its allies can close ranks and convince Beijing that such moves would be self-defeating, China may well decide to restrain itself. This prospect, however, will depend far more on what Congress and the White House do now to strengthen U.S. and Asian security than on anything they might belatedly attempt concerning the security of our national laboratories.

Henry Sokolski is executive director of the Nonproliferation Policy Education Center.

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A Nobel for Greenspan?

by David M. Smick

Want to make economists really squirm? Tell them that Federal Reserve chairman Alan Greenspan should receive the next Nobel Prize for economics. It's not that the extraordinarily successful Fed chairman isn't highly respected within the field. It's just that a prize for Greenspan, based on policy achievement, would threaten the Nobel tradition of rewarding academic theory, practical results be damned.

Remember, a prize for economics was not among those awarded by the original Nobel Foundation, set up after Alfred Nobel's death at the turn of the century. The economics prize arrived on the scene in 1969, financed by the Bank of Sweden. Nominations are based on recommendations from a hodgepodge of Scandinavian professors, past prize winners, and others. To say that the prize has seen its share of political controversy is an understatement. No doubt there has sometimes been ideological bias (after years of delay, Milton Friedman was only reluctantly awarded the prize in 1976). A geographical quota system also certainly exists. Often the judges play favorites, with a strong dose of Scandinavian provincialism mixed in.

John Kascht

Alan Greenspan

Through all the controversy, though, the prize has been tied purely to academic research, regardless of results. The Nobel judges have sought to "distinguish between economics and economic policy," as 1985 winner Franco Modigliani of MIT has written. But why? Shouldn't the practical application of economic theory carry significant weight? Results are certainly considered in awarding the prizes for scientific achievement. Indeed, it's hard to conceive of a Nobel Prize in science being awarded for a theory that doesn't work or, worse, that might actually be harmful to humanity. Why not include such considerations in the deliberations over the economics prize?

The issue, ultimately, is one that economists have long disputed among themselves: whether their discipline is a science or more a form of art, the art of political economy. This is an important distinction, particularly in our era of huge financial markets and heightened risk. Late last summer, the Wall Street hedge fund Long-Term Capital Management nearly sank the entire world financial system using a method of pricing options formulated with the help of 1997 Nobel economic prize winner Myron Scholes. Deploying hundreds of billions of dollars of borrowed money, the firm tried to predict global financial markets with the precision of scientific theory. The result was an unmitigated disaster that might well have had severe consequences for the global economy had the Federal Reserve, under Alan Greenspan's leadership, not quickly stepped in.

The question can thus be posed starkly: In the pantheon of economics, shouldn't a man who saves the world financial system rank with one who makes a fundamental discovery in the field? As Fed chairman, Greenspan has been the very model of a practical man, immersed in the art of economics. He has turned U.S. monetary policy-making away from simple rules and toward a kind of enlightened discretion. He has leavened theory with a large dash of humility.

There is a lot to be said for a bit of humility in public policy, for not being overly confident about the reliability of theory. After all, Greenspan has presided over a period in which virtually the entire academic and financial communities have been wrong about inflation, wrong about unemployment, and wrong about the relationship between inflation and unemployment. Had the Fed chairman followed the theorists, the U.S. economy would have been crunched long ago, and maybe even the world economic system as well. Instead, Greenspan has shown an admirable willingness to sacrifice theory (sometimes his own) to

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maintain economic stability. From his years at the Fed, no theoretical prettiness can be discerned—no nice, neat model that captures how the world works, the kind Nobel judges get so excited about but that too often ends up failing in practice.

It would seem a fitting change for the new millennium to make results matter more in awarding the economics profession's most prestigious prize. And if Alan Greenspan is not this year the most fitting recipient, then who is?

David M. Smick is the founder of Johnson Smick International and editor and publisher of the* International Economy *magazine.

STAR TOYS

by Jonathan V. Last

Rockville, Maryland

IT IS 11:00 P.M. ON A SUNDAY NIGHT, and David Dyche is standing at the head of the line in front of Toys "R" Us. He seems to be the most normal Star Wars nut in America: Wearing khakis and a navy blue shirt, the blond-haired, 33-year-old Boeing computer analyst just happens to like George Lucas's Star Wars trilogy. Then little details begin to slip out. He arrived on line at 9:00 P.M. Two years ago when *Star Wars* was reissued, he went to a multiplex and saw the movie eight times in one day. His Star Wars toy collection is worth over $10,000. And when asked which action figures and vehicles he plans to buy, he deadpans, "Well, at least two of everything."

AT 683 TOYS "R" US LOCATIONS ACROSS AMERICA, THE FREAKS CAME OUT EN MASSE AND BOUGHT OVER A MILLION STAR WARS TOYS IN 72 HOURS.

David isn't alone. His neighbor in line, Jane McDermitt, is equally enthusiastic. "There's nothing like Star Wars, because it really lets kids use their imagination when they play," she explains. "Except Legos. Legos and Star Wars are the best toys."

By 11:30, three television news crews are setting up, newspaper photographers are busily snapping away, and some 100 people are lined up behind David and Jane. Most of the crowd is between 25 and 40. They shift restlessly in place, constantly checking their watches and making two-minute calls on their cell phones.

Everyone has a theory about the Star Wars phenomenon. "We need something to believe in, we need role models," says one goateed twentysomething. Two men who arrived on Harleys, Doug, 33, and his pal Danny, 29, are standing two-thirds of the way back in the line. Doug and Danny are in full biker regalia, with black leather jackets, gloves, and chaps. Doug pulls at his scraggly red goatee pensively and explains, "Star Wars is a paradigm that spoke of life and not just fantasy." He stops to ponder what he just said and then nods approvingly, the four gold hoop earrings in his left ear jingling gently in the night air. Danny whispers, "Yeah man."

All around, collectors are huddling in small groups to plan their shopping strategies. Doug doesn't go in for any of that. He doesn't have any children of his own, but his "girlfriend has a daughter from a previous marriage." Are the toys for her? "Hell no," he spits. "They're for me to play with."

Joel Estrada, a 21-year-old junior at American University, isn't planning on playing with his toys. "I'm on a bit of a budget," he says. "So I have to sift through and find which figures I think will be the rarest. Then I take them home and pack them away somewhere safe so that the packages won't get damaged." Joel estimates his collection is already worth about $6,000.

One of the pretty local-news talking-head reporters is interviewing random people in the line, chatting cordially with them and asking them why they love *Star Wars*. During a break, she and her cameraman head over to the news van and she mutters, "What a bunch of freaks."

She doesn't know the half of it. At 683 Toys "R" Us locations across America, the freaks are out en masse. In anticipation of the May 19 release of *Star Wars Episode I: The Phantom Menace*, Toys "R" Us is staging "Midnight Madness" for the launch of the first wave of toys from the movie. Over the next 72 hours the company will sell over a million Star Wars action figures to legions of fans and collectors.

At 12:00 A.M., John Everitt, the store manager, opens the doors. People rush into the blocky strip-center store, barreling past a table set up with Oreos

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and Chips Ahoy! and coffee, past someone dressed up in a Wookiee suit who stands ignored, waving forlornly. They go straight to the toys. Two large bins are filled with action figures, and the shelves surrounding them are stocked with all things Star Wars, from Qui-Gon Jinn Spin Pops to Darth Vader parasail kites. Jane shrieks: They have Star Wars Legos.

For two hours people stream into the store while the employees struggle to keep the bins fully stocked with fresh loads of the $6.99 figures. Amidst the frenzy small acts of kindness abound. A confused elderly woman reading from a list asks aloud, "What's a Darth Maul?" The man to her right taps her on the elbow and hands her an action figure of the dreaded villain from his own personal stash. "Here," he says. "Have mine."

Darth Maul action figure

Shoppers fill their arms with toys and then scurry off into secluded parts of the store to take stock of their potential purchases. The photographers continue snapping away, holding their cameras above the crowd of people. The plucky newswoman keeps waving her microphone around, snatching snippets of interviews and giving people her cheery, plastic smile.

It is almost 3:00 A.M. when David Dyche and Jane McDermitt hit the check-out aisle. He rings up an even $475 and she spends $616.40, not a little of which is for Star Wars Lego sets. They exchange e-mail addresses and wave good-bye to each other as they hustle out of the store. The TV reporter primps her hair, draws a deep breath, shakes her head, and hisses, "Don't these people have lives?"

Jonathan V. Last is a reporter at THE WEEKLY STANDARD.

GRADING TEACHERS

by Jonathan Fox

THEY CALL IT "THE DANCE OF THE LEMONS," the ritual by which ineffective teachers manage to retain teaching jobs despite their incompetence. Principals, wary of union hurdles, legal costs, and the emotional scorched-earth politics that accompany teacher dismissals, simply pass their "lemons" on to the next unlucky school.

Eventually, however, the lemons settle down, usually in the schools with the least-able principals, in the worst neighborhoods. Such institutions tend to enroll the low-income children most in need of capable instructors and a challenging curriculum.

The pattern often goes unnoticed within the larger mosaic of urban ills—so much so that only recently have policy reformers concentrated their attention on the need to remove incompetent teachers. Happily, some recent developments—especially the invention of a new tool for measuring student gains—could make it easier to identify effective teachers. Yet for the time being, teacher competence remains a red-hot issue, on which teachers' unions and their critics sharply diverge.

Stung by the charge that they routinely defend bad teachers, the unions have championed plans to police their profession through "peer review." Only a handful of peer review programs are in existence, but the idea is that experienced teachers would counsel new teachers, help determine which new recruits are retained, advise struggling teachers, and identify bad teachers to be weeded out. Theoretically, this would keep bad teachers out of the system and so spare unions from having to defend them.

Under the prevailing system, principals evaluate rank-and-file teachers, who tend to see peer review as a heresy pitting teacher against teacher. But the clamor to improve public education has gotten louder, and unions are feeling the heat. Bob Chase, president of the 2.4-million-member National Education Association, in 1997 made peer review the centerpiece of his "new unionism." With his support, the 1997 NEA convention gave the idea a limited endorsement. "Other unions have been unwilling to address the quality of their product—and look what happened to their industries and their unions," Chase reasoned in a National Press Club address last year.

The idea continues to resonate. By the NEA's

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count, peer review plans have been authorized or adopted by locals in nine states. In addition, California recently enacted incentives for schools to adopt peer review. The NEA affiliate bitterly fought the plan, backed by Gov. Gray Davis, because it targets veteran teachers, not just new ones; and the union succeeded in watering down the penalties for schools that decline to participate. Undoubtedly, the proliferation of peer review initiatives presents the appearance of bold action, helping labor bosses stave off the threat of vouchers and privatization.

But skeptics counter that peer review is a hollow reform, which fails to connect teachers' employment to proof that kids are learning. Myron Lieberman, an American Federation of Teachers official-turned-critic and chairman of the Education Policy Institute, studied long-running peer review plans in Toledo and Columbus, Ohio, and Rochester, New York, in researching his new book *Teachers Evaluating Teachers: Peer Review and the New Unionism*. His conclusion: Peer review is a "huge patronage windfall" for teachers' unions eager to boost their standing with the public. It is an unjustified transfer of power, he says, as long as there is little evidence that any peer review program has caused student test scores to improve. Moreover, he argues, peer review may actually make it more difficult to fire bad teachers, since union contracts often bar principals from observing teachers who participate in peer review programs. Indeed, Lieberman finds no evidence that peer review promotes the removal of poor teachers.

In Columbus, Ohio, for example, where peer review has been used for 11 years, only about 5 percent of new recruits either were not renewed by peer evaluators or resigned before the end of the program. Lieberman, who negotiated hundreds of union contracts in the 1970s, considers that number unimpressive. "It is highly unlikely that peer review was more effective than conventional procedures in weeding out bad teachers," he writes (though he notes that no records from before peer review exist to permit a true comparison in Columbus). In light of the expense of paying teacher evaluators, Lieberman holds that peer review would have to prove better than the existing process at removing bad teachers, a burden he says current programs have not met.

If not peer review, then, what system will keep talented instructors in the public schools? For years, school boards and superintendents have tried to install merit pay as an incentive for good teaching. But teachers' unions, fearing that merit pay will undermine collegiality and devolve into popularity contests or political setups, have beaten back or neutered most proposals, along with "differential pay" plans to attract scarce math and science teachers. No teacher wants to earn less than the teacher in the next classroom, even if the latter's skills are more in demand.

Reformers have tried to enshrine the broad principle that teachers' tenure should be linked to student achievement, and in some places, principals and superintendents are being held accountable, even

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fired, for student test scores. But principals see this as a cruel joke, since the teachers ostensibly subordinate to them are largely immune. It's even more of a farce in districts where principals lack dismissal power and must go to higher-ups to start proceedings against a bad teacher. "In many states, you have the responsibility without the authority," says Samuel Sava, executive director of the 27,000-member National Association of Elementary School Principals.

Most performance-based accountability schemes run aground on the controversy over standardized tests. Critics say using test scores as part of teacher evaluation is unfair because test results are influenced by factors beyond the reach of teachers, such as poverty, family conditions, and shoddy textbooks. Others argue that "teaching to the test"—which they claim will result if teachers' jobs are tied to test scores—reduces learning to memorization of multiple-choice factoids.

THE "TENNESSEE VALUE-ADDED ASSESSMENT SYSTEM" MAKES IT POSSIBLE TO MEASURE HOW MUCH A CLASS HAS LEARNED IN THE COURSE OF A YEAR.

But a relatively new and sophisticated testing system may answer many of these concerns—perhaps making possible a new generation of merit-pay plans. This breakthrough was the work of statistician William Sanders of the University of Tennessee, an agriculture specialist who turned to the study of education in the early 1980s. His Tennessee Value-Added Assessment System (TVAAS) is a tool for analyzing gains made by groups of students. Because it filters out the effects of socioeconomic factors such as family background, the method makes it possible to measure the value teachers, schools, and districts have added to a child's education.

The concept is straightforward: Students take an approved standardized test at the beginning and end of the year. Thus, students are measured against themselves, and the results over at least three years reveal the learning rate of the group. A dip in the curve for the entire group of students, not just one, likely reflects faulty teaching or curriculum. "The relatively ineffective teachers are not getting appropriate academic growth," Sanders told state lawmakers gathered in Portland, Oregon, last July. "Superior teachers get substantial growth."

In Tennessee, school officials have used TVAAS data since 1991, to identify shortcomings in instruction and curriculum, and as part of confidential teacher evaluations. Sanders wants it to remain a mere diagnostic tool not linked to merit pay, and state officials say they know of no teacher discharged because of inadequate student gains. But some proponents believe that TVAAS could outgrow its inventor and become a much more powerful tool. "I can't figure out how you would do merit pay without the Sanders system," says Amy Wilkins, an analyst with the Education Trust, a Washington group fighting for higher teaching standards.

Tennessee officials, who so far have collected 6 million TVAAS student records, give the program rave reviews. "It's the only socially, morally, and politically appropriate way to evaluate what's going on in education," says Ben Brown, state director of student evaluation and assessment. "People are now focused on improvement." Al Mance, an official with the state NEA affiliate, cautiously agrees, though he deems a link between TVAAS scores and merit raises inappropriate. TVAAS, he says, "gives educators a fairer idea of where students are gaining and where they are not."

A few hundred miles away in Dallas, research conducted by public school officials using TVAAS methods recently underscored the importance of recruiting and retaining good teachers: They found that bad teaching continues to depress students' performance even after they get better teachers, a discovery that has convinced many that student test scores should play a larger role in teacher evaluations. "We want to see what happens when you really do link student performance with teacher evaluations and with accountability," Dallas school board member Kathleen Leos told *Education Week*.

While TVAAS is still relatively obscure in policy circles, some national reformers tout the program's measurable results over the fuzzier outcomes of peer review. "If you're going to have an accountability system, it makes sense to have this as at least one part," says Mike Petrilli, program director for the Thomas B. Fordham Foundation, a Washington philanthropy that funds education reform from a conservative perspective. "A quality teacher is one who adds value to a child's education."

Leaders of teachers' unions, meanwhile, have neither endorsed nor condemned the innovation. But an unguarded remark by a prominent professor shows the chilly reception that outsiders like Sanders often receive from education professionals. Scoffed Charles Achilles, an Eastern Michigan University education professor and class-size researcher, "I'm always nervous when an agricultural statistician works in education."

Jonathan Fox is an education writer in Washington, D.C.

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BUSH BEATS THE BLOB

Jeb Bush Takes on the Education Establishment—and Wins

By Tucker Carlson

Tallahassee, Florida

The Florida legislature passed Gov. Jeb Bush's education bill on April 30 and the first thing state representative Les Miller could think of was the tragedy at Columbine High School. "A bigger threat than any kid walking into a school with a gun," explained Miller, the minority leader of the Florida House, "is the Republican legislature putting all the schools under siege with vouchers." Betty Holzendorf, a Democratic state senator from Jacksonville, agreed with Miller—an act of violence had just taken place. "The vouchers in this bill," Holzendorf said gravely, "are the lynchings of the civil rights movements."

It takes a lot to move even Florida state legislators to rhetoric this overheated, but Bush's education bill did it. The legislation creates the country's first statewide voucher program. Children who attend Florida's worst public schools will soon be able to take about $4,000 apiece in state money and use it to attend any other school of their choice, including private and religious schools. Supporters of the bill hailed it as a historic breakthrough, a reform that, once it clears the inevitable legal challenges, will revive Florida's ailing public school system, while rescuing thousands of poor children from the crippling effects of an inadequate education. Opponents likened it to mass murder.

Either way, Jeb Bush's voucher bill is a very big deal. It's also wildly insulting—to the educrats and party hacks ("the blob," as William Bennett once described them) who opposed it, to the teachers' unions whose monopoly is threatened by it, to the various Republican governors and state legislators who have tried hard, so far unsuccessfully, to pass similar legislation. All were outdone and out-maneuvered by a 46-year-old with a 12-year-old's name who until six months ago had never been elected to anything.

How did Bush do it? First, by having the good fortune to get elected along with a Republican legislature amenable to his goals. Second, by pushing his voucher plan relentlessly. Third, and probably most important, by appropriating the style of his ideological enemies. Jeb Bush is as conservative as any governor in America, and much more so than most. But you'd never know it unless you listened carefully, or took a close look at the bills he supports. If Bush's legislation is radical, his tone is all accommodation and empathy. Not at all scary. And therefore quite effective. It's a useful trick. Cynics say he picked it up from watching Bill Clinton. More likely, it's a lesson he learned during his first campaign for governor.

IF BUSH'S VOUCHER LEGISLATION IS RADICAL, HIS TONE IS ALL ACCOMMODATION AND EMPATHY. NOT AT ALL SCARY, AND QUITE EFFECTIVE.

Long involved with conservative foundations and causes, Bush entered the 1994 campaign with a reputation as—depending on how it was being spun—either a straight-shooting man of ideas or a hard-edged ideologue. His opponents made the case for ideologue, and Bush gave them plenty of ammunition. During the primary that year, Bush gave a speech in which he said that welfare mothers "should be able to get their life together and find a husband." One of the other Republicans in the race promptly ran ads accusing Bush of being insensitive to women. Bush complained that his remarks had been taken out of context, but the caricature of Bush as a wild-eyed right-winger stuck. "He has no track record, no consequential public service, and his ideas are shallow and radical," pronounced the *St. Petersburg Times*.

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Bush's opponent in the general election, incumbent governor Lawton Chiles, kept the wound fresh. Chiles, who himself had become rich from his investments in the Red Lobster restaurant chain, slammed Bush as a wealthy dilettante with extreme, even dangerous plans for the state of Florida, very much including school vouchers. As proof of his ideological looniness, Chiles often pointed to Bush's running mate, a conservative state representative named Tom Feeney. Though there was no evidence Feeney had ever uttered a racist word, Chiles denounced the aspiring lieutenant governor as "the David Duke of Florida politics." By the time the Chiles campaign spread word that Bush wanted to eliminate Social Security, many voters were frightened enough to believe it. In November, while Republicans in the rest of the country were having the most successful year in memory, Bush lost to Chiles by less than 70,000 votes.

After the election, Bush's life seemed to hover on the edge of collapse. In interviews, he admitted he had neglected his family while running for office. During the campaign, Bush said, his marriage had begun to unravel. One of his children developed a drug problem. Bush publicly pledged to become a better person. He stopped working on Sundays and began going to church regularly. In his spare time, he teamed up with the head of the Miami Urban League to found Florida's first charter school, in Dade County's blighted Liberty City neighborhood. Meanwhile, Bush also started the Foundation for Florida's Future, a nonprofit organization from which he built a new campaign for governor. On Easter eve 1995, he converted to Catholicism.

Bush began the 1998 campaign determined to position himself as a compassionate centrist. While four years earlier he had called for the abolition of the state's department of education, this time Bush chose that department's head, former education commissioner Frank Brogan, as his running mate. Bush visited hundreds of schools, traveled to migrant worker camps, black churches, and other traditionally Democratic campaign venues. He gave speeches in flawless Spanish and waxed enthusiastic about the state's ethnic diversity. He talked constantly about children. He said relatively little about abortion, school prayer, homosexuality, or guns. Voters loved it. His opponent, lieutenant governor Buddy MacKay, slipping in the polls, tried to use Bush's apparent change of heart against him. "We call him the kinder, gentler Bush," said MacKay's campaign manager.

"I call him 'the Bush brother with balls,'" says Mike Murphy, the Republican consultant who produced Bush's advertising. While he did come off as more gentle than he had in 1994, Murphy argues that Bush never became squishy or less committed to conservative ideas. As evidence, Murphy points to Bush's unwavering support for school vouchers, despite polling that showed many voters, including many Republicans, were uncomfortable with the idea. "He could have listened to us political consultants and downplayed vouchers." Instead, Murphy says, "Jeb didn't blink."

He certainly had opportunities to. During the campaign, the state's teachers' union spent more than $1 million on ads attacking Bush for his position on vouchers. Days before the election, Hillary Clinton came to Tampa to warn voters about Bush's "risky voucher scheme" (as well as about his efforts to "turn back the clock" on abortion). Thanks in part to his friendly, non-threatening personal style—Bush didn't seem like the kind of guy who'd want to hurt children with risky schemes—the attacks bounced off. Bush crushed MacKay at the polls, even winning a remarkable 13 percent of the black vote. (In the end Buddy MacKay became governor for three weeks anyway, when lame duck Lawton Chiles died of heart failure in mid-December while exercising at the governor's mansion. MacKay immediately freed six female murderers from prison on the grounds they were victims of "battered woman syndrome.")

Bush may have kept the faith on vouchers, but he didn't actually use the word. He couldn't, explains Jeanne Allen, a longtime school choice promoter, especially not in front of black or Hispanic audiences. "The word 'voucher' has been so damaged by opponents," says Allen, head of the Center for Education Reform in Washington. "Vouchers equate with free market, equate with conservatives, equate with segregation." No doubt about it, agrees Mike Petrilli of the Manhattan Institute, another professional voucher booster. "'Vouchers' as a term is off the table. When people hear the word 'vouchers,' they think of anti-public education. But when you talk about it in terms of 'parental choice,' or 'child-centered education,' or 'money following children to the schools of their choice,' support for the idea goes up and up."

Bush chose "opportunity scholarships" as his trademark euphemism ("'scholarship' sounds like something you get if you do well in school," explains one school choice analyst at a Washington think tank), and even then went out of his way to call attention to other, less controversial elements of his educa-

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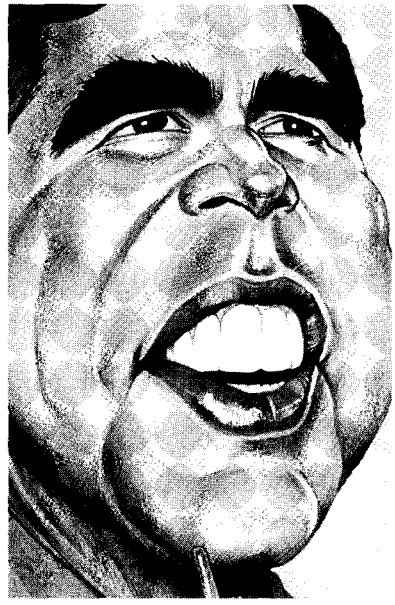
tion platform. Bush's "A+ Plan for Education" lists eight separate proposals to improve education in Florida, and it is possible to read the entire list without noticing that vouchers are among them. ("Opportunity scholarships" appear at number six on the roster, sandwiched stealthily between "Up to $100 per student bonus for improving and high performing schools" and "Higher standards for educators.") When the voucher bill finally passed on the last day of this year's legislative session, Bush's office issued a press release with a picture of the governor standing next to a Democratic state representative from Miami named Beryl Roberts. Roberts was dressed from head to toe in African clothing, complete with turban and robes. The message was hard to miss: Black people support vouchers—that is, opportunity scholarships—too.


Ismael Roldan

In person, Bush is strikingly direct about why he avoids the word "vouchers." "It's like 'Christian Right,' it's like 'extreme Republicans,'" he says. "It's a term that has people in the middle, people who are concerned about their kids, worried. It changes the whole debate. Why not use language that gives people a chance to hear you out? The end result is that we use language that helped us pass the most dynamic and dramatic reform of public education of any state in the country."

Bush is sitting in his "working office," a plain, almost unadorned space about the size of a gas station men's room next door to his ceremonial office. There is what looks like a McDonald's Happy Meal toy on his computer, a Bible next to his mouse pad. Bush, who is in shirt sleeves and cheap-looking rubber-soled shoes, seems as informal as the room. He speaks slowly and in much more complete sentences than his better-known male relatives. He makes a good case for why style should serve substance. Certain symbols, certain words, he says, "create barriers" between a politician and the public whose lives he seeks to improve. Voters, after all, are practical, not ideological. "They want safe streets, they want schools that work. I try to use language that draws them toward my ideas, rather than language that pushes them away." In other words, if the "V-word" causes trouble, discard it. Who cares? It's the improved schools that count.

There's something to this argument, and Bush has done everything possible since the election to reassure "people in the middle" that he is a decent, practical person more interested in results than ideology. Before even taking office, Bush made good on a campaign promise and pushed the state's tomato growers to increase wages paid to migrant farm workers. Tomato pickers got a nickel-a-bucket raise, and Bush became perhaps the first Republican governor in history to be hailed in a newspaper headline as "A Friend to Farm Workers." His inauguration speech a month later contained not a hint of fire or whiff of brimstone. Instead, the man once depicted as a dangerous ideologue urged his fellow citizens to help make Florida "a better neighborhood, a nicer place." "This is our call to arms," he said.

It's easy to mock this rhetoric. (Isn't Florida already a pretty nice place? Since when is it a neighborhood?) It's harder to dismiss the results Bush has achieved using it. Florida's voucher program really is the most dramatic education reform in the country. And if you don't believe it, consider what other politicians are offering up as the next Bold New Vision. In Iowa the other day, for example, Al Gore explained his plans for "change" in education. "I'm not talking about slow, piddling changes," Gore said. "I believe we need to really shake things up and have radical, truly revolutionary change in our public schools." At which point, the *Wall Street Journal* pointed out, Gore proceeded to call "for more computers, smaller class sizes, extra teacher training, and making preschool programs universal"—"reforms" so conventional it's hard to think of a politician in America who has not already endorsed them. If Gore considers such ideas revolutionary, it's hard to know how he would even categorize what Jeb Bush has just done in Florida.

Bush's stealth conservatism has achieved impressive results. Still, at times it can seem inadequate. During the last session, Republicans in the legislature passed a bill that requires doctors to notify the parents of girls under 18 who seek abortions. Democrats were infuriated by the bill, mostly because they recognized it for what it was—an attempt by people who think

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abortion is wrong to curtail abortion. It's all right to abhor abortion and use legal means to fight it. Yet Bush, who has promised to sign the bill, refuses to acknowledge the legislation has anything to do with something so controversial as pro-life sentiment. Instead, he says, the bill grew out of "a parental rights question more than anything else. Why is it so bad to at least give parents the opportunity to love and console? That's our argument."

The problem is, it's not a very powerful argument. If Bush believes abortion is wrong—and by all accounts he does, strongly—it would be more effective, if politically difficult, simply to say so. And keep saying so. Old fashioned ideological rhetoric may be ugly and divisive, but it changes minds. Often the inclusive, "nicer place" variety merely soothes them.

Not that a little soothing rhetoric can't be helpful. In fact, Bush's friendliness and warm personality are about the only things standing between him and a totally obstructionist Democratic caucus next legislative session. Democrats left Tallahassee at the end of April angry—angry at being out-muscled by Republicans, angry that Bush got virtually every piece of legislation he asked for. Among the angriest was Rep. Lois Frankel of West Palm Beach. Frankel was particularly miffed by Bush's education plan, which she believes was created and passed by religious extremists. "This is definitely a Christian Right issue," she says darkly. "Just go to the Christian Right Web page and you'll see vouchers are one of their top priorities." (Christian Right Web page? "I don't remember the name of it," she says.)

Frankel is a trial lawyer by training and a notoriously unpleasant person. She is also the new Democratic minority leader in the House. She is, in other words, in a perfect position to cause Jeb Bush a great deal of trouble a year from now. She doesn't sound like she plans to. Frankel doesn't agree with Bush's politics, but she is not out to get him. "He's a very nice man, very congenial, very likable, very charismatic," she says, brightening at the thought. "You could see how he got elected." And how he governs. ♦

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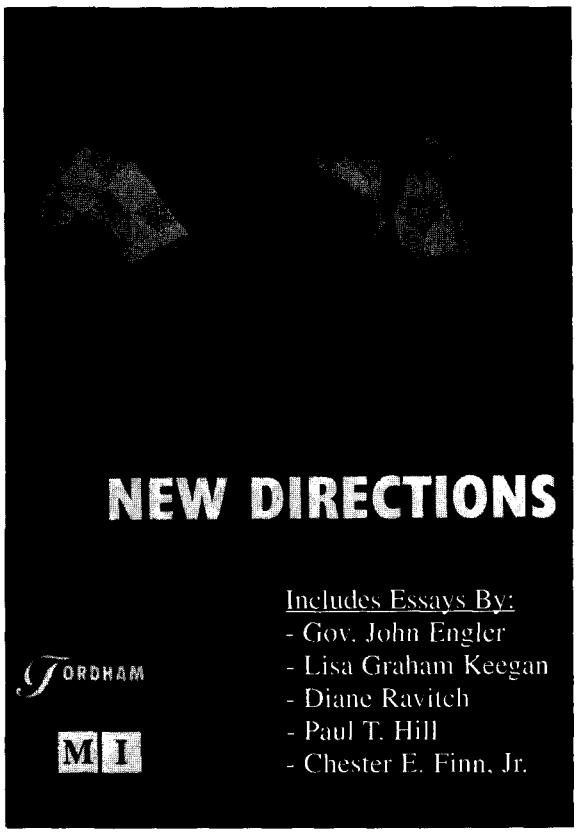

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Andrew Cuomo's Vendetta

By Matthew Rees

September 9, 1998, will be remembered in Washington as the day Kenneth Starr delivered his impeachment referral to the House of Representatives. But on the same day, another drama was playing out on the other side of Capitol Hill. Susan Gaffney, the inspector general at the Department of Housing and Urban Development, was telling a Senate committee about "a truly extraordinary series of events" involving the HUD secretary, Andrew Cuomo. Extraordinary indeed. Gaffney testified Cuomo and his top aides had been interfering with her work, smearing her as a racist and a cheat, and using dirty tricks against her. "It is very debilitating," the soft-spoken Gaffney told the senators. "One never knows where the next attack is coming from or what it will be."

Not surprisingly, considering the day the testimony was delivered, Gaffney's charges received little coverage. And in the ensuing eight months, she's stayed silent. But the harassment has not only continued, it's intensified. Congressional Democrats, including Henry Waxman, have joined Cuomo's crusade, and private-sector law firms have been awarded lucrative contracts to investigate Gaffney's conduct. The goal is painfully obvious: to make life so miserable for Gaffney she'll resign.

Cuomo is not, of course, just any cabinet secretary. In addition to being a son of the former governor of New York, he's one of the Democratic party's rising stars. His name was bandied about as a candidate for the Senate seat being vacated by Pat Moynihan, and he's frequently mentioned as being in line for White House chief of staff in a Gore administration (Gore lobbied for him to be appointed HUD secretary).

So why would he wage such a vigorous campaign against a harmless civil servant? Cuomo doesn't like people who stand between him and what he's trying to accomplish (the *New York Times* has observed that he "thrives on an almost militaristic devotion to strategy and detail"). That's put him on a collision course with Gaffney, whom he blames for undermining his two top priorities: overhauling HUD and getting good press coverage.

The truth is that Gaffney hasn't undermined him. While her office has refused to endorse his proposed overhaul of HUD, the inspector general has no authority to block a secretary's proposals. As for press coverage, the mainstream media still fawn over him—the *New York Observer* noted recently that "by all accounts, he has been a success at HUD"—and his only bad press has come from his quarrels with Gaffney.

Susan Gaffney is a most unlikely person to be ensnared in such a bitter dispute. For the past 29 years, she's held a variety of low profile, non-political government posts. Such is the quality of her work that she's been the recipient of numerous performance-based awards, and in June 1993 President Clinton nominated her to be HUD's inspector general. The position carries with it a staff of over 500 and involves auditing and investigating every program that falls under HUD's $30 billion annual budget.

Recognizing the potential pitfalls in attacking an inspector general with no apparent political biases, Cuomo has tried to put the best spin on his Gaffney offensive, claiming to know nothing about it and maintaining that he has good relations with her. "On a personal level," he told *GQ* last year, "I have had and do have a fine relationship with Susan." One of his deputies, Saul Ramirez, echoed this sentiment recently, telling a Senate committee that Cuomo "has had nothing but the utmost respect for Ms. Gaffney."

The claim that Cuomo has a "fine relationship" with Gaffney is greatly at odds with the facts. Following Gaffney's Senate testimony in September, Cuomo unleashed his then-director of public affairs, Karen Hinton, who told the *Washington Post* the testimony was "riddled with inaccuracies and false statements." She added that Gaffney "is under investigation by the FBI and members of Congress, that a dozen of her employees have made racial complaints against her, that the bipartisan U.S. Conference of Mayors has passed formal resolutions on a pattern of racism by the IG and that Deval Patrick, the former associate attorney general for civil rights, is now investigat-

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ing her on the most serious charges of racism in the department's history."

Gaffney once asked Cuomo whether his aides had to resort to public and, more often, private attacks like these, and Cuomo told her he was powerless to stop them. When Gaffney questioned this, Cuomo told her his aides viewed her as "the embodiment of evil."

Cuomo's use of HUD's public affairs office to undercut Gaffney is consistent with his attempts not to leave any fingerprints on the campaign against her. Most of the dirty work has been delegated to three of his aides: Jon Cowan, Gary Eisenman, and Howard Glaser. Cowan, Cuomo's chief of staff, is best known for co-founding a now-defunct youth advocacy group called Lead . . . or Leave. (After the group folded in 1995, *Newsweek* revealed it had inflated the membership figures by 90 percent and quoted Cowan saying, "Sometimes you have to be a butthead to get things done.") Eisenman is a deputy assistant secretary in the Office of Housing and was previously an attorney at Cravath, Swain & Moore, an elite New York law firm. Glaser is counselor to Cuomo and worked in the New York state government while Mario Cuomo was governor. Asked to provide information about these three aides' experience in housing issues, the press office did not return repeated calls.

THE CALLS FROM CUOMO KEPT COMING—ABOUT 10 IN ALL—UNTIL GAFFNEY STOPPED ANSWERING HER TELEPHONE ON WEEKENDS.

Cuomo refused comment for this article, but one of his press aides, David Egner, told me Cowan and Glaser would speak with me off the record. When I told him I needed to be able to attribute their comments to HUD officials, the offer was withdrawn, and Egner sent a statement saying, "I am, frankly, baffled as to why THE WEEKLY STANDARD is devoting attention to this issue." The statement claimed that "many of the professional disputes between HUD and the Office of Inspector general . . . have been settled."

That tensions should exist between Cuomo and Gaffney is understandable, as one of the jobs of an IG is to uncover waste, fraud, and abuse in department operations. And while Gaffney's IG office has highlighted areas where HUD has improved, it hasn't been shy about stating what's wrong with the department, to the never-ending frustration of Cuomo. But what really rankles is that the IG's office doesn't report exclusively to him; thus it can issue reports over which he has no authority. Gaffney has observed in congressional testimony that Cuomo "sees people like me who are . . . not under his direct control as threats, as problems."

Cuomo first lashed out at Gaffney in the fall of 1995. Her office had issued a report on empowerment zones, a program under his purview providing tax incentives for businesses in select low-income urban areas. The report alleged that politics may have influenced which cities were selected for empowerment zones. Cuomo, then an assistant secretary at HUD, was apoplectic when he learned of Gaffney's conclusions. He confronted her and questioned whether her office had the authority to raise such questions (it did). He also told her, repeatedly, that he had serious reservations about the very idea of an independent inspector general.

Cuomo's attitude toward Gaffney was never quite the same after this, but after he was nominated for the top job in the department, he tried to make amends. The day he was sworn in as secretary—by Al Gore—he invited her to a luncheon at Hickory Hill, the McLean, Virginia, estate of his mother-in-law, Ethel Kennedy. Cabinet secretaries, Kennedy family members, and HUD senior staff were among the 100 guests. Amidst the revelry, Gaffney never got a chance to speak with Cuomo, but she did speak with his father. He told her that while governor he had created the first IG office in the New York state government, and he emphasized how much he valued inspectors general. It would soon become clear this was an area where father and son disagreed.

While working in state government in Albany, New York, Andrew Cuomo acquired the nickname "The Big Mamoo," a term of affection given to him by his father to connote both his status as a power-broker and his penchant for using the force of his personality to cajole people into doing what he wanted. Not long after he was installed as secretary, Cuomo began his Big Mamoo routine with Gaffney, communicating with her extensively and seeking her counsel on an array of problems facing HUD. The overtures came as a surprise to Gaffney, who was accustomed to less frequent, and more formal, contact with Cuomo's predecessor, Henry Cisneros.

Before long, Cuomo's communications with Gaffney acquired a new dimension. In addition to the

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contact at work, he began calling her at home, usually on weekends. During these lengthy calls, he would occasionally ask her advice on policy and personnel matters. But he would also chastise her for issuing reports critical of HUD operations. In one conversation, Cuomo told her all of the department's principal staff hated her and she was responsible for HUD's being "dysfunctional." She later told him none of the assistant secretaries she'd queried had any complaints with her performance as inspector general, but Cuomo replied that they were lying to her.

When the calls, and the criticism, continued, Gaffney got fed up. She eventually told Cuomo she would resign if he thought she was doing such a disservice to the department. He was silent for a few seconds, and then changed the subject. The calls, however, kept coming—about 10 in all—and Gaffney found them such a burden she stopped answering her phone on weekends.

Andrew Cuomo

Kent Lemon

Of all the cabinet-level agencies in the federal government, the Department of Housing and Urban Development has one of the worst reputations. As recently as January a federal watchdog agency labeled HUD "high risk" with respect to integrity and accountability, the only cabinet department so designated. Even Cuomo acknowledged shortly after becoming secretary that the department was "known for inefficiency and ineffectiveness."

Thus "HUD 2020," Cuomo's ambitious proposal to revamp the department. His idea was to streamline operations, enhance customer service, and make use of new technologies, all while cutting the staff by 20 percent. So bullish was Cuomo about 2020 that when he first discussed it with Gaffney, he assured her it would be a "great victory" for the reformist instincts of the inspector general's office. More ominously, he also told her she should proclaim victory, forget about looking at the plan's details, and turn her attention elsewhere.

Gaffney wasn't so easily cowed, and when she and her staff began to examine 2020, they didn't like what they saw. In late September 1997, the IG's office released a preliminary analysis of 2020, which said the proposed reforms could compound existing problems at HUD and create new ones. This was deeply distressing to Cuomo, and he asked Gaffney to allow his staff to brief her and her staff on the plan's specifics.

Up to 40 members of Cuomo's staff would convene in the conference room of one of his top deputies, and the briefers would review every jot and tittle of the reforms. Of all those in attendance, no more than five would ever speak. What's more, the briefings, sometimes four hours long, never addressed Gaffney's overriding concern, which was that the proposed personnel reductions would damage the effectiveness of a department already burdened with bureaucratic inefficiencies.

In February 1998, after the briefings, Cuomo met with Gaffney to talk about 2020. During an intense 90-minute meeting, she reiterated her reservations about the reforms. Cuomo, who was hoping for an endorsement, told her she still misunderstood what he was trying to accomplish. When she didn't budge, he told her if these conclusions became public they would be very damaging to other HUD reforms already being implemented. Gaffney still didn't back down, and the meeting ended with an agreement to disagree.

Intent on winning endorsement of his reforms, Cuomo commissioned two consultants to review 2020. He then tried to use this as leverage with Gaffney, telling her she would be humiliated if she maintained her skeptical posture while the consultants—Booz-Allen and reinventing government guru David Osborne—reached favorable conclusions. Gaffney stood her ground. The consultants did conclude 2020 was sound, but their judgment could hardly be seen as independent, given Cuomo's involvement in the awarding of the contracts.

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The struggle over 2020 was not, however, the first instance of the secretary and his aides' putting the squeeze on Gaffney. In the spring of 1997, Cuomo obtained an anonymous letter charging Gaffney with intimidation of minorities, racial discrimination, and ethical wrongdoing. Among the claims in the letter was that Gaffney "spends millions of dollars of taxpayer money rounding up young African American boys in housing projects so she can get look tough [sic] on television while serious white collar abuses by her own staff and rich building owners go uninvestigated."

The letter's hysterical tone should have been a clue it was a fraud. Cuomo, however, got personally involved. One day he called to speak with Gaffney on an unrelated matter, but she wasn't available so he spoke with her deputy, John Connors. Cuomo mentioned the letter to Connors—neither Connors nor Gaffney knew of its existence—and remarked, "These are terrible allegations. It's terrible people would say things like this."

He turned out to be shedding crocodile tears. As Gaffney would later testify, Cuomo's top aides, Glaser and Eisenman, placed a number of calls to the Office of Management and Budget and lobbied staffers there to give HUD's general counsel the authority to launch an exhaustive investigation of the anonymous charges. OMB refused, and while a presidential council on integrity did look into the matter, it concluded the complaint didn't warrant investigation.

Shortly thereafter, in June 1997, Gaffney met with one of HUD's deputy secretaries, Dwight Robinson, and top aides to Cuomo. The purpose of the meeting was to discuss the creation of a public affairs office within the inspector general's office. The Cuomo team spelled out its objections to this idea, citing accusations the IG's office had shared confidential information with reporters. (This was the first Gaffney learned of the accusation.) Using the charge as leverage, the Cuomo team then asked Gaffney to sign a memorandum stating she would route all future contact with the media through the HUD public affairs office. Gaffney refused, fearing it would undermine her office's freedom to disclose public reports on HUD operations and, more generally, that it would infringe on the independence of the inspector general.

Gaffney's refusal gave Cuomo's aides the opening they needed, and they promptly persuaded a career attorney in the general counsel's office, George Weidenfeller, to approve a referral to a presidential council on integrity, charging Gaffney with insubordination and illegal dissemination of privileged information. As the saga played out, Gaffney repeatedly asked what information her office had illegally disseminated, but Cuomo told her the specifics were so negative she was better off not knowing them.

There was speculation around HUD that the charges were bogus, and the final confirmation came when a *Washington Post* reporter called Cuomo's office in September 1997 to inquire about the treatment of Gaffney. Within a few days of the call, and facing the prospect of an unflattering article, Cuomo's aides withdrew not only the complaint but also the request that the IG's office route all contact with the media through HUD's public affairs office.

PLANS TO INVESTIGATE THE HOUSING DEPARTMENTS IN BALTIMORE, SAN FRANCISCO, AND NEW ORLEANS WERE CALLED RACIST.

A favored tactic of Cuomo and his aides has been to portray Gaffney as a racist. Last year, black elected officials criticized her for proposing to investigate fraud in the municipal housing departments of three cities: San Francisco, Baltimore, and New Orleans. The problem? All three had black mayors, although they had been selected on the basis of criteria ranging from FBI input to funding received from HUD. Before launching the investigation, Gaffney had asked Cuomo whether this would present a perception problem. He'd told her Baltimore and New Orleans would be okay, though San Francisco might cause trouble given the city's hypersensitivity about race. He had nonetheless told her to proceed.

No announcement of the investigation was ever made, but the *Baltimore Sun* reported its existence, and shortly thereafter there were cries of racism from several black mayors. Cuomo's first response was silence. When the criticism continued, he let it be known he'd had no role in the selection process and that he thought black mayors were being unfairly singled out. "Many people in this nation," he thundered to a *Sun* reporter, "are outraged at the possibility that taxpayer funds would be used for racially motivated or politically motivated hits."

Cuomo and his aides also spoke with mayors and Democratic congressmen in hopes of stirring them up against Gaffney. The controversy forced her to put the investigation on hold, and it was eventually

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reoriented to look at suburban and rural areas. When Gaffney made this announcement, Cuomo's spokeswoman, Hinton, couldn't pass up the opportunity to kick her in the teeth. The reversal, Hinton told the *Washington Post*, showed "the lack of legitimacy and fairness in the original targeting of the cities. . . . With this unfortunate situation resolved, we now want to get on with the good work of this department." (A presidential council on integrity cleared Gaffney of any wrongdoing earlier this year.)

Cuomo and his aides have also tried to manipulate a racial-discrimination complaint filed against Gaffney. In February 1998, Philip Newsome, a senior black official working in the office of the inspector general, charged that Gaffney had passed him over for a promotion because of his race. As is standard practice, the matter was referred to HUD's equal employment opportunity office for investigation. But shortly after the probe began, one of Cuomo's aides abruptly terminated it and transferred responsibility to two private law firms.

GAFFNEY INSISTS SHE WOULD PREFER NOT TO AIR HUD'S DIRTY LINEN. BUT SHE IS CONVINCED THE INDEPENDENCE OF THE INSPECTOR GENERAL IS AT STAKE.

The hiring of the law firms was significant in a number of ways. According to Gaffney, each was given a contract worth approximately $50,000, which is considerably more than the standard government rate for such matters. Moreover, the lead attorney selected to investigate the complaint was Deval Patrick, the former assistant attorney general for civil rights in the Clinton administration. Given Patrick's views, and the fact that he'd been handpicked by Cuomo's aides, it was no surprise he concluded Gaffney was guilty.

Cuomo's aides tried to shortcircuit the usual decision-making process and have the Equal Employment Opportunity Commission issue a decision on the basis of Patrick's report. But the EEOC rejected this. In the ensuing months, HUD decided not to rule on the matter, and Newsome took his complaint to federal court.

As for the contracts Cuomo gave to the law firms, when questions were raised about their propriety, Cuomo had HUD retain Washington attorney Donald Bucklin of Squire, Sanders & Dempsey to investigate. Bucklin concluded the contracting out had been appropriate—and he heaped criticism on Gaffney. Nevertheless, the contracts so reeked that the General Accounting Office, a federal watchdog agency, has been investigating the matter for six months.

Cuomo's relentlessness eventually convinced Gaffney she could no longer stay silent. Early last September, she met with the secretary to spell out her objections to the way the discrimination complaint was being handled. She also reminded him of her earlier promise that if he resurrected his campaign against her, she would fight back. Now, she said, she was prepared to do that.

Cuomo said he didn't see anything wrong with the way the investigation was proceeding. The next day, however, HUD's general counsel called the IG's counsel with an offer. If Gaffney would resign and agree to have the plaintiff, Newsome, installed in a senior position within the IG's office—perhaps Gaffney's post—the discrimination complaint would be dismissed. Gaffney refused the offer and six days later delivered her testimony to the Senate.

Since she testified about Cuomo's campaign against her, the pressure on Gaffney has mounted. Representative Henry Waxman sent her a letter in March quoting the Bucklin report's criticisms of her activities and said they "raise serious questions about your conduct." He also questioned her fitness to carry out a congressionally requested investigation of HUD's public affairs office, saying such an inquiry should be conducted by "an impartial investigator."

Democratic congressman Harold Ford has also written to Gaffney with a number of pointed questions about the racial discrimination complaint. And at a hearing in March, Democratic senators John Kerry and Jack Reed asked her questions reflecting Cuomo's viewpoint. Most revealing is the mobilization of Waxman, an important Clinton administration ally, who wouldn't have gotten involved unless Cuomo had been personally upset by Gaffney's refusal to resign.

Gaffney now says resigning is no longer an option. She also insists she would prefer not to have to air HUD's dirty linen and would have been content to go about her job in relative anonymity, leaving the politics to the political appointees. But she is convinced that publicizing Cuomo's mischief is the right thing to do. "I'm not that important," she says, but "if I left, Andrew would put his own people in the inspector general's office. And if that happened, it would destroy an office that means a whole lot." ♦

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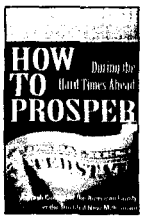

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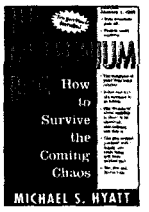

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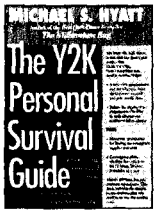

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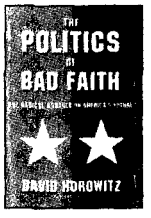

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Future Perfect

H.G. Wells and the history of things to come • by Brian Murray

H.G. Wells is famous today mostly—perhaps only—for the science-fiction novels he published in the 1890s, the first decade of his long and prolific career. Although the books owed something to Jules Verne and Edgar Allan Poe, Wells devised a style strictly his own to create such works as *The Time Machine* and *The War of the Worlds*. He "has caught the trick," as one reviewer claimed at the time, of mixing "imagination with the technical precision of a newspaper reporter." Wells was (as the British writer Brian Aldiss more recently put it) "the Shakespeare of science fiction."

But after these early successes—insisting that he didn't want to be remembered as a mere purveyor of "sensational" stories—Wells began to distance himself from the "scientific romances" that had made his name. He wanted to be thought of as a serious literary artist, which drove him from 1900 to 1915 to produce several ambitious novels about class and society, including *Kipps*, *Tono-Bungay*, and *The New Machiavelli*. And he wanted to be thought of as a pundit and seer, which drove him in 1905 to write *A Modern Utopia*—the book that his modern readers assume represents his first foray into what would become a life-long obsession: the establishment of a super-efficient "World State."

But Wells, in fact, had ventured down this road before. In 1901, he published his *Anticipations of the Reaction of Mechanical and Scientific Progress Upon Human Life and Thought*. Now largely forgotten, *Anticipations* was intended as a serious prediction about the shape of human life and culture in the year 2000. It was the *Future Shock* of its day, widely disputed and hotly defended throughout England and America. The book's appeal came partly from its novelty. There was an entire genre of such "future histories," sparked by the turn of the century, but unlike most of them—including Edward Bellamy's still-read *Looking Backward*—*Anticipations* didn't present itself as a novel. This wasn't scientific fiction, or tea-leaf augury, but scientific prediction, written in a prose so assured it seemed to carry instant conviction. The world it predicted and celebrated in 1901 was clean, technological, bureaucratic, scientific—and a whole lot like Hitler's Germany.

As a child Wells was intellectually curious and read voraciously. But his schooling was uneven, his options few. His father ran a struggling shop in Bromley, a far London suburb. His mother, a lady's maid, forced him at fifteen to start work as a draper—a future he loathed. Determined to stick with his education, he won a scholarship to train as a teacher at the Normal School of Science in South Kensington.

Wells wasn't a notable student, tending to neglect his classes in favor of roaming London's engrossing streets. But he never missed the lectures of South Kensington's star instructor, Thomas Huxley, who was known inter-

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Cecil B. DeMille, Paulette Goddard, Charlie Chaplin, and H.G. Wells in 1935.

nationally both for his biological research and his elegant, accessible essays on various scientific issues and social themes. Indeed, Huxley's central ideas inform virtually everything that Wells ever wrote. Huxley, known popularly as "Darwin's Bulldog," stressed that evolution didn't necessarily equal progress; that "retrogressive is as practical as progressive metamorphosis"; and that while human beings couldn't hope to escape distant cosmic calamity—a "universal winter" induced by a cooling sun—they could in the interim improve their earthly lot. Huxley looked forward to a worldwide "Kingdom of Man" where "the struggle for existence" is ended and enlightenment reigns.

Given his spotty record at Kensington, Wells couldn't land a good teaching job and so tried his hand at journalism. Indeed, Wells wrote with such cleverness and zest that, in later years, he could fairly point to himself as a prime example of what happens to a talented man who finds his focus and masters his will. Wells's first published fiction included Poe-like tales and humorous sketches that owed a bit to Charles Dickens's *Sketches By Boz*. Then came the string of early, popular novels, including *The Island of Dr. Moreau* in 1896, *The Invisible Man* in 1897, and *When the Sleeper Wakes* in 1898.

His 1901 *Anticipations* caught well the hopeful mood that prevailed throughout much of the industrialized world between the 1890s and the First World War. The nineteenth century had, after all, produced major progress in manufacturing, transportation, housing, and hygiene. Even war was widely viewed as a bane of the past. The nineteenth century was, on the whole, remarkably peaceful— "an anomaly," writes one historian, "in an otherwise continuous pattern of warfare" over the previous five centuries.

Wells himself called *Anticipations* "the keystone to the main arch of my work." It shows his debt not only to Huxley, but to *The Martyrdom of Man*, an 1872 paean to progress through "Science" composed by Winwood Reade, whose better-known uncle, Charles Reade, had previously found fame with such novels as the 1856 *It Is Never Too Late to Mend*. Winwood Reade's own career as a novelist flopped, but *The Martyrdom of Man* remained steadily in print through dozens of editions, becoming one of the bestselling books of the Victorian Age.

Humanity, Reade predicted, would shed the main sources of its long "martyrdom"—religious superstition and intellectual fear. Christianity is dead, he declared, Darwin having delivered the decisive blow. Reade insisted that intelligent people must simply accept the fact that "the Supreme Power" is neither approachable nor attentive, but rather an obscure "Force" knowable—if at all—through close study of scientific law. Man then is but an animal, however clever, forced with his fellow brutes to scrap and struggle for power, shelter, and food. "We are all of us naked under our clothes," he cheerfully reported, "and we are all of us tailed under our skins."

Although "prayer is useless," science, Reade argued, is not. The earth, "which is now a purgatory, will be made a paradise." For Reade and Wells, science represented freedom, clarity, truth. Science would end disease, eliminate poverty, and—eventually—propel us to bright new habitats among the stars.

> Mankind will migrate into space, and will cross the airless Saharas. . . . The earth will become a Holy Land which will be visited by pilgrims from all the quarters of the universe. Finally, men will master the forces of nature; they will become themselves architects of systems, manufacturers of worlds. Man then will be perfect; he will then be a creator; he will then be therefore what the vulgar worship as a god.

But as Wells pointed out in *Anticipations*, science first had a few less extravagant tasks to perform, like getting rid of household dirt. Wells, reared in near poverty, was long obsessed with civic and domestic tidiness. In *Anticipations*, he acclaimed the array of new "solvents" that, in future years, would wonderfully simplify the "tedious cleansing and wiping of table ware," as well as the "painful rub, rub, rub" required for washing windows. Central heating, he predicted, would become universal, and "neat little" electric stoves would abolish the laborious mess that comes with cooking, making it "a pleasant amusement for intelligent invalid ladies."

Throughout his career, Wells was widely hailed for the remarkable accuracy of his various prophecies. In *The World Set Free*, published in 1914, Wells convincingly describes atomic warfare—some twenty years before the Joliot-Curies artificially produced radioactive substances. Elsewhere he famously forecast the development of the army tank, and the rise of radio-like devices destined to compete with newspapers in the delivery of timely news. These, he predicted in *Anticipations*, would find their place "in some convenient corner" of every household, "beside the barometer, to hear or ignore."

Wells also insisted, in *Anticipations*, on the total triumph of automobiles and trucks; at the time, many still assumed that motorized vehicles were simply a comical craze. And he foresaw the easy availability of aviation, claiming, more guardedly, that "probably before 1950, a

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successful aeroplane will have soared and come home safe and sound."

But *Anticipations* is more about politics than technology. Wells, as he later did in his more famous *A Modern Utopia*, claimed a highly centralized "World State" would take shape as the flaws of democracy were more widely perceived. In this "New Republic," there would be no room for the "flushed, undignified" politician who, with "collar crumpled, hair disordered, and arms in wild activity," talks "copiously" on "tubs, barrels, scaffoldings" as he grubs for votes from untutored rubes. Rather, the New Republic's appointed rulers would autonomously supervise all forms of cultural, economic, and social activity, including education, which Wells—the failed schoolmaster—found in dire need of mass reform. Uncompromising forward thinkers, Wells's "New Republicans" would dump traditional curricula in favor of "contemporary literature," the "breath of civilized life." They would also recognize that "those who sincerely think and write"—including, presumably, Wells himself—are "the salt of the social body." "To live on classics, however splendid," Wells wrote, "is senility."

Wells's New Republicans wouldn't be troubled by the demands of the old religions and traditional morality. Their God, like Reade's, is unfathomable and glimpsed only, dimly, through unfettered scientific inquiry. These New Republicans would deny then the "self-contradictory absurdities of an obstinately anthropomorphic theology"; for Darwin, they would realize, "destroyed the dogma of the Fall upon which the whole intellectual fabric of Christianity rests."

Wells in 1895

University of Illinois at Urbana-Champaign

Wells's new leaders would however revere one "classic" work—Thomas Malthus's 1798 *Essay on the Principle of Population*. Malthus, Wells wrote, recognized that "the main mass of the business of human life involves reproduction," and that no "Golden Age" will ever be possible without controlling population. Thus Wells's "men of the New Republic" wouldn't allow careless breeding of "base and servile types," or "fear-driven and cowardly souls," or the "mean and ugly." They would permit only "the procreation of what is fine and efficient and beautiful in humanity—beautiful and strong bodies, clear and powerful minds, and a growing body of knowledge." (Wells himself, incidentally, was plumpish and short, and had been sickly as a youth.)

Of course keeping close watch on the reproductive habits of large populations was going to be no easy matter. But Wells's strapping supermen would be plainly up to the task. For starters, they would "rout out and illuminate urban rookeries and all places where the base can drift to multiply." The "base" would apparently include alcoholics and chronic depressives, as well as the "undersized, diseased little man" who is "incapable of earning a decent living for himself," and is probably married to "some under-fed, ignorant, ill-shaped, plain, and diseased little woman" and "guilty of the lives of ten or twelve ugly, ailing children."

Wells's New Republicans would sterilize and, he implied, simply eliminate those who, ignoring ready contraception, chose instead to reproduce. But, he added optimistically, at least some of these losers would depart voluntarily, through suicide, "a high and courageous act rather than a crime." "Most of the human types," Wells mused, "that by civilized standards are undesirable, are quite willing to die out if the world will only encourage them a little."

"And how," Wells wrote, "will the New Republic treat the inferior races?"—in whose ranks he appeared to include Asians, Africans, and "that alleged termite in the civilized woodwork, the Jew." Wells insisted that he could not understand "the exceptional attitude people take up against the Jews." And yet he gratuitously listed some of those prejudices before noting hopefully that, through social pressure, intermarriage, and "a common language and a common rule," Jews would "cease to be a physically distinct element in human affairs in a century or so." And for the rest—"those swarms of black, and brown, and dirty white, and yellow people, who do not come into the new needs of efficiency?" "Well," Wells wrote, "the world is a world, and not a charitable institution, and I take it they will have to go. . . . So far as they fail to develop sane, vigorous, and distinctive personalities for the great world of the Future, it is their portion to die out and disappear."

Wells c. 1930

UPI / Corbis-Bettmann

Only after the success of *Anticipations* were Wells's books widely discussed by Britain's leading "progressive" intellectuals, among them Bertrand Russell, Beatrice Webb, and the ubiquitous George Bernard Shaw. Sales of Wells's books steadily increased—bringing him the sort of wealth and influence that, among his contemporaries, only Rudyard Kipling and perhaps Arnold Ben-

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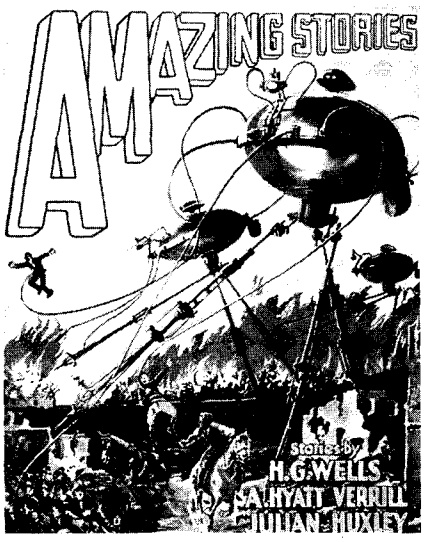
nett enjoyed. For example, Wells's 1916 novel, *Mr. Britling Sees It Through*, became an international success with its elegiac portrait of Britain's homefront during a time of war. *Mr. Britling* concludes with a call for world peace that features some of Wells's most powerful rhetoric, including one lyrical line—"At a thousand points the light is shining through"—that seems to have found its way, albeit altered, into George Bush's 1988 acceptance speech at the Republican National Convention.

Between 1900 and 1930, breezy talk of eugenics was in the air. As John Carey documents in his superb 1993 *The Intellectuals and the Masses*, many of this century's most admired literary figures—including D.H. Lawrence and W.B. Yeats—voiced the belief that to make the future safe for artists and intellectuals, society must be cleansed of the hopelessly vulgar, the chronically coarse. Bernard Shaw, for instance, bluntly suggested that "if we desire a certain type of civilization and culture, we must exterminate the sort of people who do not fit into it." Of course Friedrich Nietzsche—the era's most influential philosopher—railed frequently and famously against the "rabble," as Carey notes. "The great majority of men have no right to existence," Nietzsche proclaimed, "but are a misfortune to higher men."

So, to an extent, Wells wasn't exceptional. And yet, on some occasions, he made the right calls. In 1927 Wells attacked Italian Fascism for its "bloodlust" and "puerile malignity." He didn't cheer the passing of a Eugenics Sterilization Law in Berlin in 1933. Wells didn't condone the Nazi genocide that killed millions in the next decade. And his later works are neither full of racist rants nor obsessed with human breeding.

Still, Wells has much to answer for, particularly in his stereotyping of the Jews. And despite his demands for global community, Wells seemed to forget that the world is not exclusively European and white. "Presumably," as Anthony Burgess once observed, "both blacks and Jews have opted out" of Wells's "great biological experiment; the laboratory is an Anglo-Saxon preserve." Writing in 1916, one critic called Wells "a world figure" and noted that "his books were in the window of every important bookshop in Germany," where "he was studied rather than read."

Hitler formed his monstrous, half-baked ideology from diverse sources, including Darwin, Machiavelli, Wagner, and Wagner's son-in-law, Houston Stewart Chamberlain, whose anti-Semitic



Archive Photos

tracts contributed infinitely more to Nazism than anything H.G. Wells wrote. But, like the Nazis, Wells exalted eugenics and "the strong arm of the state" (as he puts it in *Anticipations*). Furthermore, it's difficult not to think of the ideas that Wells helped make acceptable when, in *Mein Kampf*, one finds Hitler asserting that stopping the "procreation" of "the physically degenerate and mentally sick" will purge "the germs of our present physical and hence spiritual decay."

In "Hitler, Wells, and the World State," published in 1941, George Orwell traced the fascistic thread that runs through much of Wells's work. "If one looks through nearly any book" written by Wells "in the last forty years," Orwell observes, one finds:

> the same idea constantly recurring: the supposed antithesis between the man of science who is working towards a planned World State and the reactionary who is trying to restore a disorderly past. In novels, Utopias, essays, films, pamphlets, the antithesis crops up, always more or less the same. On the one side science, order, progress, internationalism, aeroplanes, steel, concrete, hygiene: on the other side war, nationalism, religion, monarchy, peasants, Greek professors, poets, horses. History as he sees it is a series of victories won by the scientific man over the romantic man.

"Modern Germany," Orwell adds, "is far more scientific than England, and far more barbarous." Ironically, "much of what Wells has imagined and worked for is physically there in Nazi Germany. The order, the planning, the State encouragement of science, the steel, the concrete, the aeroplanes, are all there, but all in the service of ideas appropriate to the Stone Age." Wells had to face the fact that his vaunted "science" was, as Orwell points out, "fighting on the side of superstition."

Early in his career Wells was often hailed as Charles Dickens's true heir. Wells's social novels *Kipps* and *Tono-Bungay* display certain clear Dickensian traits. Panoramic, humorous, satiric, rather loosely structured, they feature vivid characters making their way amidst assorted social climbers and rogues. In his 1910 review of Wells's *The History of Mr. Polly*, H.L. Mencken noted that Wells had "staked out for himself the English lower middle class that Dickens knew so intimately and loved with such shameless sentimentality"—that "tea swilling garde du corps of all the more disgusting virtues, traditions, superstitions and epidemic diseases of the Anglican people."

But as the bilious Mencken recognized, Wells and Dickens were, in fact,

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vastly different. Dickens loathed the sort of self-aggrandizement that one finds in so much of Wells's work. As characters from Mr. Bumble to Edward Murdstone to Thomas Gradgrind reveal, Dickens deplored those who relish dictating terms to their weaker or less fortunate fellows. And it's impossible to imagine Dickens approving of Wells's belief in selective breeding. Rather, he would have endorsed G.K. Chesterton's *Eugenics and Other Evils*, published in 1922. Chesterton mocked "the idea that to breed a man like a cart-horse was the true way to attain that higher civilization, of intellectual magnanimity and sympathetic insight, which may be found in cart-horses."

Dickens never believed that social problems would end as government became more powerful; he repeatedly insisted that only more goodness more widely displayed could advance human life in a permanently flawed—or "fallen"—world. Dickens wasn't much of a churchgoer. But unlike Wells he never abandoned his Christian faith, and never ceased promoting in his fiction such simpler and vastly more difficult virtues as humility, generosity, forbearance. As novelists, then, Dickens and Wells were, as Mencken recognized, "as far apart as the poles." Dickens "regarded his characters as a young mother regards her baby; Wells looks at his as a porkpacker looks at a hog."

In fact, if they were somehow transported to Wells's New Republic, many of Dickens's most memorable characters would find themselves fearing for their lives. Would, say, Wilkins Micawber or Betsey Trotwood meet the state's "new needs of efficiency"? The hopelessly melancholic Mrs. Gummidge would be urged to end her troubles with an overdose of opiates, and chronic debtors like old John Dorrit would join Sairey Gamp and Mr. Dick among the ranks of the disappeared.

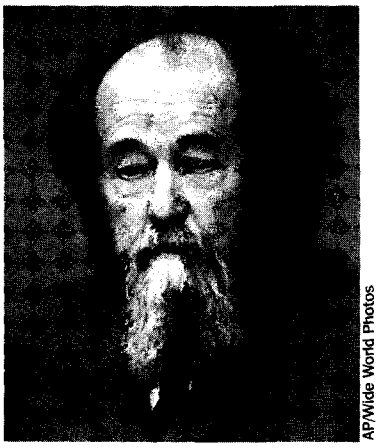
In the end, Dickens from the start knew one vital truth Wells never quite grasped: that hubris and grand plans for the "perfectibility" of the human race are as plentiful as tea leaves, and that simple decency regularly practiced remains, alas, the rarest thing in the world. ♦

TIME'S ARROW

The Paradox of Solzhenitsyn

By Margaret Boerner

When, in 1971, Alexander Solzhenitsyn published *August 1914*, the first volume in his projected magnum opus, *The Red Wheel*, the general response was that he had written something brilliant. But the emphasis was on the *something*, rather than the *brilliant*, for, whatever the book was, it wasn't a novel. It seemed instead a sort of proto-novel, whose brilliance lay in its promise. Though *August 1914* might not stand by itself as coherent fiction, it was, after all, merely the first chapter of a larger project. And in its relentless cataloguing and precise descriptions, it suggested that the multi-volume *Red Wheel* might prove the most important literary endeavor in decades: a novel about the Russian Revolution on the model of Tolstoy's *War and Peace*, but even more detailed, even more exhaustive, and, perhaps, even more telling.



AP/Wide World Photos

ALEXANDER SOLZHENITSYN
November 1916
The Red Wheel II
Farrar Straus Giroux, 1040 pp., $35

Now at last, in 1999, we have the publication in English of the second volume, *November 1916*. There is material here of interest. The relentlessness, the precision, and the detail have all been turned up yet another notch in this new thousand-page installment. So, for that matter, has some of the brilliance. But just as *August 1914* was not a novel, so *November 1916* is not a novel.

And, unfortunately, it is also something worse than not a novel, for this second "knot" in *The Red Wheel* breaks the promise of the first. *November 1916* mostly proves that what was intended by perhaps the world's most serious writer to be his most serious work is in fact a failure: We can now see that *The Red Wheel* will never find the coherence *August 1914* suggested would eventually come. The form of a novel, a literary work with a beginning, middle, and end, has been swallowed up by an infinite chronological narrative. One month takes a thousand pages to relate, and Solzhenitsyn has found nothing less—and, alas, nothing more—than the literary version of the paradox of Zeno's arrow: His narrative will *never* reach its conclusion because the logic of its telling dictates that it cannot.

After *One Day in the Life of Ivan Denisovich*, *The Gulag Archipelago*, and *Cancer Ward*, Solzhenitsyn's literary credentials cannot be gainsaid, any more than his personal heroism. And having had the true history of World War I and the Russian Revolution kept secret for so long by the Soviets, he may be right to be obsessed with *fixing* those years—logorrhea as a kind of memorial to the forgotten, the suppressed, and the dead.

Each novel in Solzhenitsyn's epic concentrates on a significant moment of the move toward revolution. Almost all of *August 1914* describes conversations, a mixing of historical and fictional characters expounding their ideas about the war and Russian society. The occasion

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for these conversations is the defeat of General Samsonov at the Battle of Tannenberg, observed mainly through the eyes of three soldiers: Samsonov himself, a young lieutenant who leads a squad of men at the battle, and a colonel on a roving observer's mission (who stands in for Solzhenitsyn).

Reporting back to the grand duke, the colonel speculates that the defeat at Tannenberg was the consequence of a way of thinking and acting inspired by the tsar's court, which has brushed aside the forces of intelligent progress—and given impetus to the revolutionaries. But the colonel cannot convince anyone to face the lessons of Tannenberg, and on the last page of the novel he receives a telegram revealing that his efforts were in vain.

Throughout *The Red Wheel* the authorities learn nothing: Russia grinds inexorably toward revolution, and no one is able to stop it. "The personal side never will occupy the foreground," Solzhenitsyn once explained about his project, "because my main goal is to show the course of events in Russia." And yet, at the same time, he rejects the notion that history rules individual lives. The result is a curious and exhausting *personal impersonality*, a relentless dwelling on individuals who are of interest to the novelist only when they themselves are relentlessly dwelling on history.

November 1916 again focuses on the conduct and politics of the war, seen through the eyes of a new fictional colonel, Georgi Vorotyntsev. Demoted to an isolated front (partly for his defense of Samsonov's actions at Tannenberg), he is nonetheless intelligent and observant, if impatient and dubious about his own forcefulness—and Solzhenitsyn's mouthpiece.

There was a lull in the fighting in early November of 1916, but Colonel Vorotyntsev believes Russia must nonetheless withdraw from the war. Already the German-born tsarina, obsessed with the holy man Rasputin as savior of her hemophiliac son, is the subject of malicious gossip and during this month will be called a traitor in the Duma—a terrible violation of the throne's sanctity.

On leave, Vorotyntsev seeks out the head of the Octobrist opposition party to urge a palace revolt to replace the tsar with a new monarch before the revolutionaries rid the country of monarchy altogether. But though the court is corrupt, the Octobrists are irresolute—and Vorotyntsev himself becomes corrupted by committing adultery with a female historian.

Underneath the characters' endless discussions, Solzhenitsyn intends an indictment of the liberalism that has written off the Church. When Colonel Vorotyntsev, regretting the pain he has given his wife, hurries to send her a telegram of reconciliation, he passes a church but is too impatient to stop—as Russia, too, has been too impatient to stop. But it's in this church that the book will at last end, with a priest hearing confession (from a minor character of whom we haven't heard for five hundred pages).

THE READER WILL NOT FINISH READING *THE RED WHEEL*, BUT THAT'S BECAUSE SOLZHENITSYN WILL NOT FINISH WRITING IT.

That *November 1916* has no plot is not necessarily a fault. Solzhenitsyn has made a virtue of not plotting any of his novels, which concentrate instead on a moment in time. It is also not necessarily a fault that its characters undergo no psychological development. Tolstoy also had little interest in how his characters became who they are or why they change. But if Solzhenitsyn has a *personal impersonality*, Tolstoy always had the opposite, an *impersonal personality*: His characters are individuals, each of them recognizable and the object of the reader's concern. The characters in *November 1916* are impossible to care about.

Except, amazingly, for the tsarina. The voices of Lenin, the tsar, and Vorotyntsev are indistinguishable. But Solzhenitsyn's depiction of Tsarina Aleksandra is riveting. He convinces us that he has captured her mode of thinking: simple, narcissistic, pious, and undereducated. She writes letters to her husband in English signed "Wifey"; she cannot sleep more than a few hours; she worries constantly about "Baby," the hemophiliac heir to the throne; and she interferes constantly in political, ecclesiastical, and military affairs. (Rasputin comes off more as the excuse for her interference than the cause.) Solzhenitsyn can have little sympathy for her part in Russia's catastrophe, but he always presents her as a person—precisely because she is one of the few individuals who *do* influence "the course of events." The whole of chapter 64 is in a kind of free association, rendered in the third person, in which Aleksandra reveals her hard-headed sentimentality:

> In whatever free time was left . . . she thought hard and fearfully about her daughters' future. What fate awaited them? Whom were they destined to marry? To what foreign lands would they depart, never to return? Life was an enigma and the future was hidden behind a veil. Above all, would it be their good fortune to find the unquestioning and uninterrupted love which Aleksandra herself had now enjoyed with her angel Nicky for twenty-two years? Alas, such a love was becoming more and more of a rarity.

Brilliantly, Solzhenitsyn has her justify herself in the clichés of sub-literary romantic novels, and she proves no less the slave of her own romantic self-justification when she describes the influence of Rasputin.

November 1916 could have used much more of this interest in character. But Solzhenitsyn is trapped: damaged by what the revolutionaries did to his country, injured by the Soviets' seventy years of lies, wounded by the destruction of his nation's faith. Before he can get his Russian individuals right, he feels compelled to get the whole Russian people right. And before that, he must get the Revolution right. And before that, he must get the Octobrists right—and the fights in the Duma, and the Battle of Tannenberg, and everything else. The average reader will not finish reading *The Red Wheel*—but that's because Solzhenitsyn will not finish writing it. Like Zeno's arrow, he'll always have half the remaining distance to go. ♦

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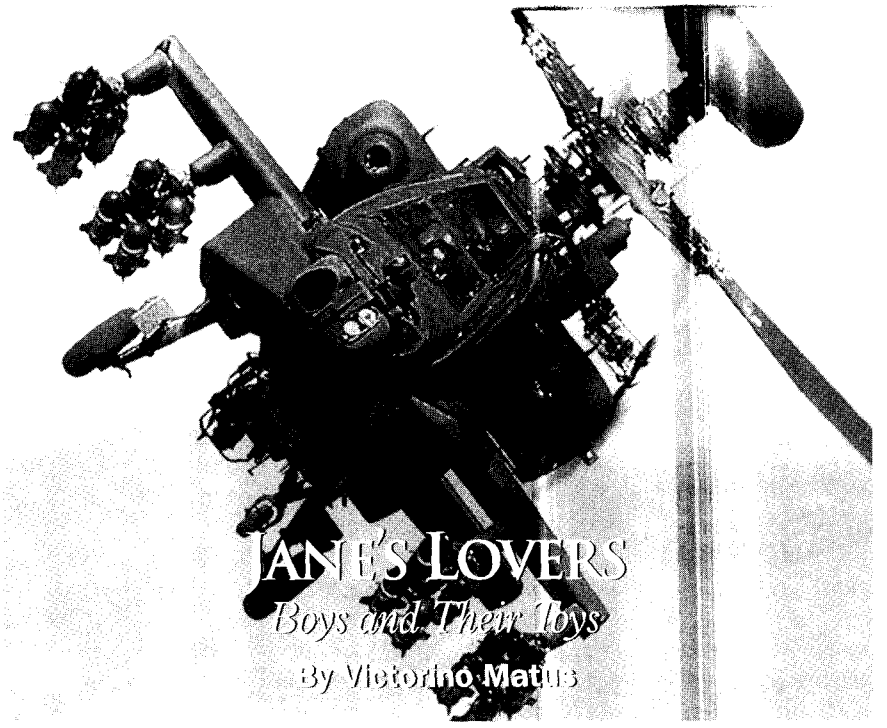

Jane's Lovers

Boys and Their Toys

By Victorino Matus

All photos: Jane's Information Group

All military buffs start innocently enough. Once upon a time, for instance, there was a boy who loved toy sailboats:

> A schoolfellow had a boat better than I; I mounted a gun in mine and committed an act of piracy on a duck pond. My chum was a sportsman, and after punching my head, proceeded to arm his ship also. We took to armour plates made from biscuit tins, and to squadrons instead of single ships. In the battle that ensued our fleets annihilated each other, and depleted finances forbade their renewal.

A boy like this may grow up into a builder of model planes, a collector of toy soldiers, or just a voracious reader about the military. But he will almost certainly have one book or another from Jane's Information Group, which bills itself the "leading provider of defense, aerospace, aviation, transportation, geo-political, and law enforcement information to the world's militaries, governments, universities, and businesses."

Jane's periodicals, including *Jane's Defence Weekly* and *Jane's Navy International*, have a combined circulation of almost sixty thousand. But 30 percent of its business stems from the commercial sector—which means hobbyists, enthusiasts, and many who have never even served in the armed forces. It can mean ex-insurance salesmen like Tom Clancy, tycoons like Malcolm Forbes, or even aging rock stars like John Cale.

Cale is probably best known for co-founding with Lou Reed The Velvet Underground. He also decapitated a chicken onstage (prompting his band to walk out on him). And he just wrote a book called *What's Welsh for Zen*. At first glance, he doesn't seem the type to read *Jane's Intelligence Review* or *Foreign Report*. But it turns out he's an avid reader of military publications. In a phone interview, he explained: "If a mother wanted to know about the effects of an aluminum works on a well, she couldn't. It was considered confidential. But you can find out, and when I went to college, that's what I did. I learned to research. And Jane's is one of those publications that keeps you informed."

But what really got him interested was the 1975 movie *Three Days of the Condor*, starring Robert Redford. Cale becomes quite animated about it: Redford "was this average guy who just read a lot, knew a lot, and got involved in a government conspiracy. And the guys after him wanted to know, Who is this guy? Who does he work for? What does he do? But he was just an ordinary guy."

Like Redford's character, Cale began absorbing as much information as possible on subjects not generally well known outside of government circles. (Unlike Redford's character, Cale's co-workers were not in the CIA and were not gunned down in the office one day.) When I asked him what he thinks causes people's fascination with military books like the ones published by Jane's, he replies, "Boys' toys! . . . Look at [Kiss guitarist] Ace Frehley. He would fly his little helicopters around the stadium while the crew was setting up for the concert. He knew everything there was to know about those little helicopters."

Jane's books, such as *Jane's Pocket Guide for Modern Military Helicopters* and the *Pocket Guide for Advanced Tactical Fighters*, published by HarperCollins, have been a tremendous success. "It is a very healthy and successful business for us," says Marion Maneker, executive editor at HarperCollins Resource, adding that they would continue selling these titles and even books that were a few years old but still extremely popular. "What's important about Jane's as a business is that it is quite healthy even in this day and age when the military is no longer as esteemed as it used to be in American life." Why do people flock to Jane's? "We have a reputation for reliability and credibility. Our readers know they're getting a quality, thoughtful publication, and also recognize we have no biased agenda," says Joe Dougherty, the company's public relations manager.

Jane's has been a valuable source for leaders throughout the world. When President Bush boarded a Coast Guard ship off of Kennebunkport for a debriefing during the Gulf crisis, the first thing the commander in chief asked for was a Jane's book. (Coincidentally, Saddam

Victorino Matus is associate editor of THE WEEKLY STANDARD.

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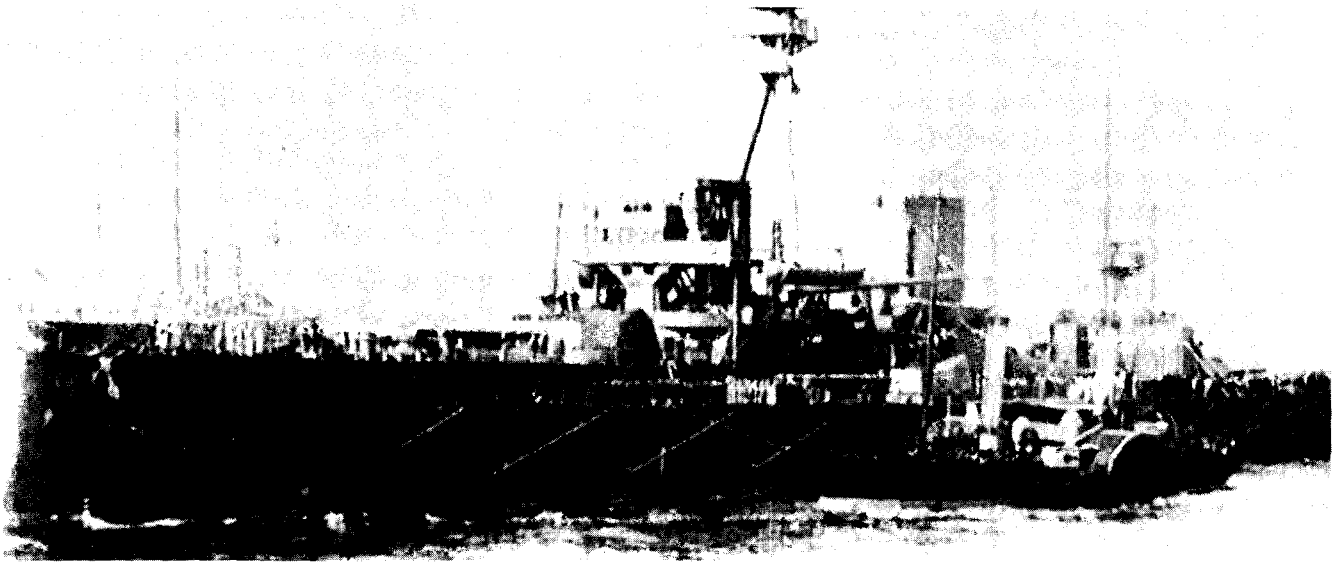

The HMS Dreadnought *on trial in 1906. Opposite: Jane with his wargame, his 1903 sketch of a warship, and his 1890 painting of a steamer.*

Hussein was also a subscriber, though his subscription was terminated once the embargo against Iraq took effect.)

Greg Caires, a spokesman for Lockheed Martin's F-22 Raptor, gives a qualified nod: "I'm unconvinced that Jane's is the *primary* information source within the U.S. military-industrial complex, but for those on the outside and not in the armed forces, their pocket guides can be indispensable reference tools."

These guides offer little in the way of reading matter. But the stunning photos of state-of-the-art fighting machines are the real selling points. Next to pictures of the Russian Mi-24 "Hind" helicopter (recognizable from movies like *Red Dawn* and *Rambo III*) is a brief history, information on size, speed, and armaments: a 12.7 mm Gatling cannon, AT-2 Swatter wire-guided anti-tank missiles, AT-6 "Shturm" radio and laser-guided missiles, air-to-air missiles, free-flight rocket pods, 23-mm gun pods, a 30-mm grenade launcher, and mine dispensers. *Mine dispensers?* It's the kind of thing military buffs drool over.

The popular format of these guides dates back to 1898 and the first printing of *Jane's All the World's Fighting Ships* in Portsmouth, England. It could not have come out at a more significant time. At the turn of the century it was widely accepted that a superpower was a naval power. The seminal book was *The Influence of Sea Power upon History* by Alfred Thayer Mahan (the only recognized American naval theorist of the time; probably the only recognized American naval theorist of *any* time). Mahan believed only those nations that controlled the high seas could control their own destinies, and the effect of his book on the British admiralty and Kaiser Wilhelm was almost hypnotic.

This obsession with naval superiority worsened an already feverish arms race between Germany and England. It was in this atmosphere that Fred T. Jane, eccentric British naval enthusiast, journalist, novelist, and Scoutmaster, published his first *Fighting Ships*. The book took ten years to complete, discussed twenty-two different navies in two hundred pages, and included not a single photograph: Jane considered photos misleading, and, being a skilled artist, he opted to draw each ship by hand.

As Richard Brooks describes in his biography, *Fred T Jane: An Eccentric Visionary*, Jane's "was the first book to successfully provide technical information about warships in a structured and integrated way giving its users a consistent and rational basis for comparison." Jane popularized the use of silhouettes, arguing that the first sighting of any ship would be on the horizon. He understood the importance of expressing the ship "not only as she is but also the ship as she strikes the ordinary observer who is mentally comparing her with other vessels. This necessitates some slight accentuation of peculiarities," placing special emphasis on funnels and masts. This silhouette system of identifying distant vessels was used in varying degrees well into the 1980s until radar characteristics became the dominant factor.

By the end of his life, Jane had produced roughly twenty more publications on military matters, including *The Imperial Russian Navy* and *The British Battle Fleet*, and devised the Jane Naval Wargame, described as "a sea kriegspiel simulating all the movements and evolutions of every individual type of modern warship, and the proportionate effect of every sort of gun and projectile." He hoped the British Navy would use his game to better their naval maneuvers. (It was not well received; the Russians were the first to express interest in the game.)

There is not much evidence that Jane's works influenced British policy early on. In fact, the Edwardian navy had a great distrust of civilian defense analysts. And within the ranks of the British Navy there were conflicts of class—between deck officers and the engineers, blue-collar petty officers (whom Jane favored) and the upwardly mobile captains and admirals. The admiralty slowly came around, however, after Jane published an article in *Fighting Ships* by Italian engineer Vittorio Cuniberti, entitled "An Ideal Warship for the British Navy."

Although the first reaction in England was ridicule, two years later, a revolutionary warship similar to the one in Cuniberti's article emerged from Portsmouth—the HMS *Dreadnought*. Armed with ten twelve-inch guns each firing 850-pound shells and bearing eleven-inch armor, she immediately (in the words of Brooks) "rendered every other battleship in existence obsolete."

A better explanation can be found in *Dreadnought*, Robert Massie's highly acclaimed history of Britain and Germany before the First World War:

> As theretofore no previous battleship, British or foreign, had carried more

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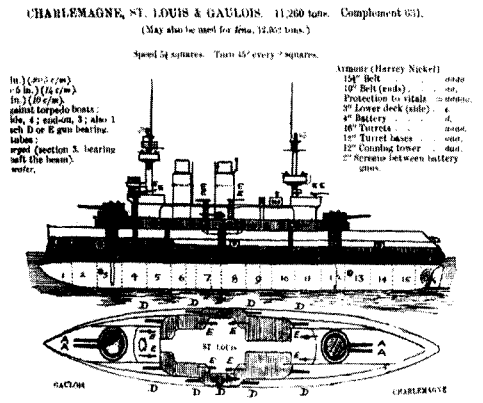

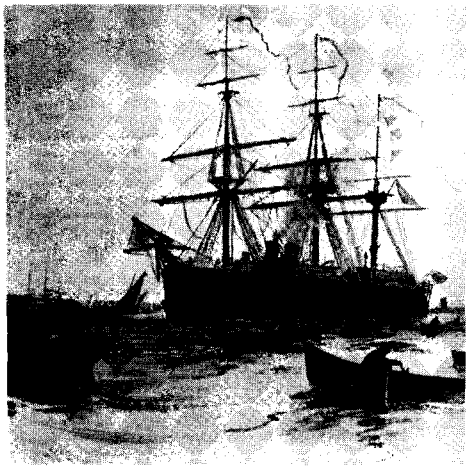

than four twelve-inch guns, two firing ahead, two astern, or four broadside, the *Dreadnought* was the equivalent to two or even three earlier ships. . . . If all eight guns of the *Dreadnought*'s broadside fired simultaneously, 6,800 pounds of steel and high explosive would plummet down on the enemy.

The acceptance of the *Dreadnought* and the move toward bigger guns on faster ships was a vindication of Jane's long-held beliefs. The admiralty at long last recognized Jane by conceding that "never before had Jane so clearly attained his ambition of making *Fighting Ships* the mirror of naval progress."

But Fred Jane didn't stop there. Shortly after the Wright brothers' first successful flight, he came out with *All the World's Airships 1909*—what the *Daily Mail* described as "The First Flying Directory." While he deemed armed aerial combat to be far distant, Jane felt that the use of aircraft for reconaissance would pose a serious threat. Jane thought naval strategy was "something like a game of poker—aircraft have already made it poker with the cards face up." He recommended armored decks and higher angled guns, and spoke of the possibility for carrier-like "depot ships" to be used "so there might be a fair prospect of the aeroplane being able to return."

He also warned about the dangers of using battleships as weapons against coastal fortresses—his great fear was the threat of mines. And sure enough, the Allied attempt to destroy the Turkish batteries along the Dardanelles in 1915 proved a catastrophe. The HMS *Irresistable* and two French battleships were sunk by floating mines. As Jane put it, "the fort has immense advantages against the ship even without the aid of floating mines . . . which if at all efficiently protected from the shore can only be swept or counter-mined with the greatest difficulty."

Jane died unexpectedly in 1916 at the age of fifty-one (many suspect suicide out of depression because of ill health and a disintegrating marriage). Not only did he miss the end of the Great War, he also missed the only battle between the British and German navies at Jutland. Jane would have been shocked to learn that the five ships of Britain's Battle Cruiser Squadron decided to valiantly charge head on against the entire German High Seas Fleet (seventeen dreadnoughts) with catastrophic results—the *Indefatigable*, the *Queen Mary*, and, later, the *Invincible* were obliterated (the latter lost all but five sailors from its company of over a thousand).

His *Fighting Ships* did not die along with him. Rather, as stated in his will, the publication would carry on under his editorial colleagues and eventually flourish into the multi-million dollar operation we see today and what *60 Minutes* describes as "the closest thing there is to a commercial intelligence agency."

That books on military matters are still a draw at the local bookstore despite the absence of world war and even the end of the Cold War might come as a surprise. But war's enduring interest, for boys of all ages, derives more from fascination with the mechanisms of war than with its deadly consequences. One need look no further than the media and the military's fixation with videotaped sorties and bombing raids during the Gulf War. Who can forget those first black and white clips of bunkers and bridges obliterated via "surgical strikes" with a minimum of casualties?

"There's a disconnect between the military and civilian sectors that now brings out the curiosity in people," explains Jeff "Skunk" Baxter, an avid Jane's reader and former guitarist for Steely Dan and the Doobie Brothers. And when he's not producing records, he's reading in Jane's and forwarding it to another Jane's fan, Slim Jim Phantom, drummer for the Stray Cats. "When I started consulting for [music companies]," Baxter relates, "one of the chief sources of information happened to be Jane's. It gave me the cutting edge in technology. In the meantime, I began storing up knowledge on things like the turning radius of a MiG-29."

Then one day, Baxter decided to write an article on the Aegis cruiser and theater missile defense that caught the eye of congressman Dana Rohrabacher. "Next thing you know, I get invited by the Navy to go aboard one of their ships. I do more writing and thanks to Jane's, I can get to the technical underside of it. And I met with [Representative] Curt Weldon who said I knew more about missile defense than some of his own people. And then I got into wargaming." *Wargaming?*

Baxter can barely contain his excitement. He sounds, in fact, just like that boy whose love of toy sailboats never stopped growing. The boy's name was Fred T. Jane. ♦

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The Department of Energy
Where Energy is Our Middle Name!

To: All D.O.E. EMPLOYEES
FROM: JOHN "DOOBIE" HOLMER, Chief of Security
Re: Spy stuff

Hey Folks!

As you probably have heard, we had a little security screwup over the past decade or so. It's really no biggie (you know how those FBI guys take this stuff way too seriously). But we have instituted some new security measures to ensure that not much Top Secret stuff leaks out of our facilities in the future. Please peruse.

Facility Access

1. From now on all foreign agents will have to sign in at the front desk before entering classified Dept. of Energy facilities, and they will have to wear "Visitor" lapel stickers AT ALL TIMES. Intelligence agents from hostile nations will be issued lapel stickers with extra-sticky glue.

2. After all employees have left our buildings (that is, at roughly 3:30 p.m.), the front doors will be locked. To gain access, in case you want to take your hard drive home for repairs, you will need to know the entry code for the new security boxes. The code is 1,2,3,4. Please do not share this information with members of the People's Liberation Army.

Information Control

1. Details of recent improvements to the nuclear legacy codes will no longer be distributed with the weekly cafeteria lunch menus.

2. It will no longer be permissible to download the results of nuclear tests for use in your home Nintendo games.

3. From now on, all Top Secret documents will be stamped "Not Top Secret" to throw off foreign agents.

Counter-Intelligence

1. Employees caught divulging confidential information to a hostile foreign government will incur severe penalties, up to and in some cases including loss of Top Secret security clearance.

2. Please report it if any of your colleagues displays any of the following early warning signs of espionage activity: (a) sets up a table in front of your building and is selling classified documents to passing motorists, (b) uses his shoe as a telephone, or (c) stands up on his desk mid-afternoon waving a little red book in the air while shouting "Death to Capitalist Pigs" in a frenzied manner.

3. The free trip to Beijing as part of Plutonium Appreciation Week has been canceled.

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ONCE IN A BLUE MOON PEOPLE DO THE IMPOSSIBLE

BEHOLD THE [illegible] OF TECHNOLOGY. SPECTACULAR BREAKTHROUGHS THAT LEAD TO H[illegible] MILESTONES. AND STEADY ADVANCEMENTS THAT QUIETLY TRANSFORM HUMAN LIVES. SPACE TECHNOLOGY DOES BOTH: LAUNCHING EPIC EVENTS SUCH AS THE FIRST LUNAR LANDING AND GENERATING THOUSANDS OF INNOVATIONS THAT EMPOWER THE PEOPLE OF EARTH. GPS UNITS TO DIRECT EMERGENCY RESPONSE TEAMS. CONTROLS TO GUIDE MOTORIZED WHEELCHAIRS. MRI, PET AND CAT SCANS TO DETECT ELUSIVE DISEASES. SATELLITE IMAGERY TO MONITOR DANGEROUS STORMS AND KEEP THE PEACE. CELL PHONES AND COMMUNICATION SATELLITES TO EXTEND OUR REACH WORLDWIDE—AND A HOST OF OTHER TOOLS AND PROCESSES THAT PRESERVE AND ENRICH OUR LIVES. SPACE TECHNOLOGY—IT GAVE US THE MOON AND CONTINUES TO GIVE MORE THAN WE EVER IMAGINED. EVERY DAY.

HOME

Mission HOME (Harvesting Opportunity for Mother Earth) educates people about the extraordinary benefits of space. We encourage you to Take Up Space! Visit our website at www.missionhome.org or call (719) 576-8000.

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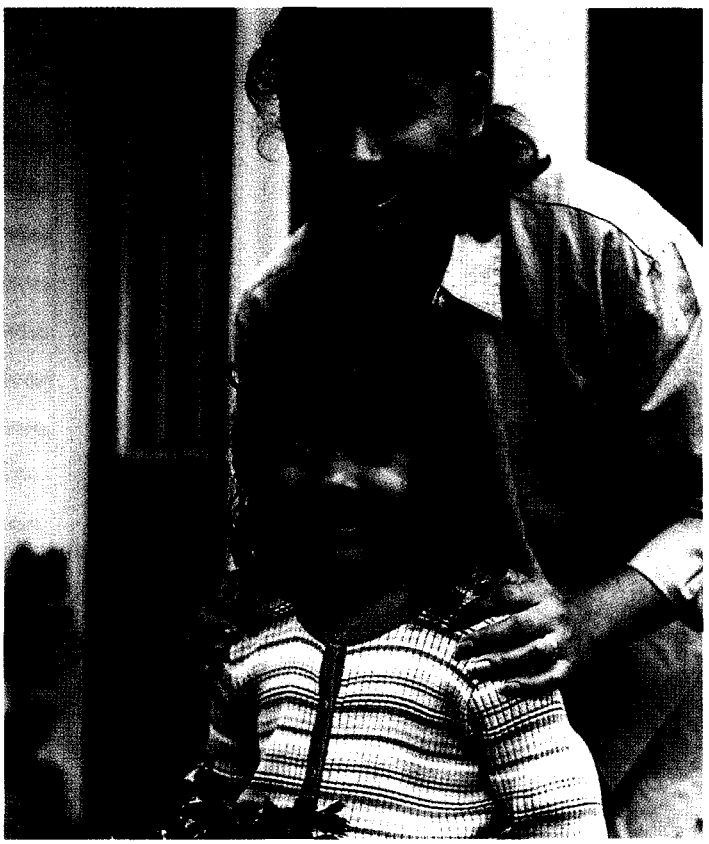

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At Fannie Mae, we have one job. One mission. One purpose. To do whatever we can to lower the cost of homeownership. Because by lowering the cost of a home loan by just a quarter to a half of a percent, we help put the American Dream back within reach for working families all across America. Last year alone, Fannie Mae and our lender partners did just that for over four million home buyers. And we'll continue to push for ways to help millions more by keeping low-cost mortgage funds readily available for America's working families. That's our goal. That's our mission.

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